

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.
Washington Union Coal Company.

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MARCH, 1926

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DEVICE IS A
CAREFUL MAN

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Roadster	960.00
Type-B Sedan	1,080.00
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OUR MERCHANDISE WILL BE
REMEMBERED LONG AFTER
THE PRICE HAS BEEN
FORGOTTEN

MACK SHOE COMPANY

Opposite Depot

Rock Springs, Wyo.

The Place to Get
Good Things to Eat
HOWARD'S

Corner S. Front and C Street

Rock Springs, Wyoming

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF

The First National Bank of Rock Springs, Wyoming

At the Close of Business, December 31, 1925

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	
Commercial Paper ..\$ 20,000.00	
Other Loans 707,731.56	\$ 727,731.56
Overdrafts	4,495.13
Banking House	169,985.80
Furniture and Fixtures	27,867.17
Other Real Estate	
(Old Bank Bldg.)...	21,436.54
Quick Assets:	
Liberty Bonds	110,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds.....	125,700.00
Warrants, Bonds, Secur-	
ities and Claims....	101,194.19
Call Loans	350,000.00
Cash on Hand, and Due	
From Banks	424,783.06
	1,111,677.25
Total	2,063,193.45

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus	75,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,888.95
Circulation	98,800.00
Deposits	1,787,504.50

Total	2,063,193.45
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Cash Reserve	41.0 Per Cent
Bond and Security Reserve	17.8 Per Cent
Available Reserve	58.8 Per Cent

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Added time will not make you younger!

There is dignity in age, but the
charm of youth is Vivacity
So, too, the charm in a

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The Pacific Market

Where Quality Excels.

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Johansen
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Novelties

Fit Well Shoe Store

Featuring narrow widths in fine footwe

All the very latest light shades in
Shoes and Hosiery.

Onyx, Phoenix Hosiery
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Spring Brings Forth New Fabrics

HERALDING the approach of a new season.

Fashion brings a wealth of new materials and patterns for Spring wear that eclipses the extreme fancy of any imagination for color and designs.

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NEW bright colored Rayon Dress Crepe in a splendid array of Printed designs.

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Printed Broadcloth—very Desirable and attractive for house Frocks and outing apparel.

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Silk and cotton Crepe de Chine—printed in colorful designs on Grounds of appealing tints.

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TONO, WASHINGTON

Around the Corner is House Cleaning Time

This year make the job a pleasant and easier one by using a

*“Royal”
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The Best is Always the Cheapest.

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Rock Springs, Wyo.

Phone 61

Park Hotel Bldg.

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 3

MARCH, 1926

NUMBER 3

What Happened Since New Years

ON January 29th three mines located in widely scattered portions of the United States suffered explosions—three in one day, think of it. The Mossboro Mine of the Premier Coal Company, near Helena, Alabama, a small property producing two hundred tons daily from a forty-inch seam, exploded during the afternoon with fifty-three men in the mine. Twenty-seven men, eleven white, sixteen colored, lost their lives, twenty-six escaping. Gas, ignited by a shot-firer, is given as the cause of the explosion.

During the day Mine No. 3 of the Bear Canon Coal Company, operating in the Cass McLaughlin Seam, near Trinidad, Colorado, exploded by the ignition of a pocket of gas which spread throughout the mine, killing three men, severely burning five others, the remaining twenty-five men within the mine burned to a less extent.

Down in Franklin County, Illinois, is located the show mine of the world, the New Orient, of the Chicago, Wilmington and Franklin Coal Company, employing twelve hundred and thirty-five men, a mine that has produced in eight hours more than twelve thousand tons of prepared coal. On January 29th five men were killed while engaged in clearing an accumulation of gas out of a corner of the mine, the State Director of Mines, Mr. A. D. Lewis, a brother of President John L. Lewis, finding that a brattice man opened and attempted to relight a safety lamp with a match while within the gas zone. Director Lewis in his report made this further statement to the Management of the Company:

"Had it not been for the fine condition of the mine and for the fact that the mine was rock-dusted very thoroughly, undoubtedly you would have had the greatest disaster at your mine in the history of coal mining. The department wishes to congratulate you and the company for going further than the law requires to make your mine safe."

This accident was indeed a victory for rock dust, and we regret that the safety lamp was not of a type that could not be opened within the mine.

At 4:00 P. M., February 4th, an explosion occurred in Mine No. 4 of the Pittsburg Terminal Company, near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, killing nineteen men. This explosion, following a mine fire, was a most disastrous one, although some four hundred men within the mine escaped.

At 8:00 A. M., February 15th, the Powhatan Mine of the Cleveland and Western Coal Company, operating in the Pittsburg Seam, near Powhatan Point, Ohio, exploded, killing one man and injuring nineteen others. The mine was closed by a strike February 12th over a pay roll dispute, and with the return of the men three days later the explosion occurred. Six hundred men within the mine escaped accident, although gas and flame is reported as rising one hundred feet above the mine tipple. We are given to wonder if the strike did not impair the usual examination made for safety. If so, the strike was a losing proposition.

And now the last of record, the explosion of the Nelson Kentucky Coal Company mine near Nelson, Kentucky, in the Western Kentucky field, February 16th, where three men were killed by the explosion of gas, four others, out of ten engaged in rescue work, suffocated by after damp, a "solid shot" given as the cause of the explosion.

It should be apparent to any thinking man that the demon of death knows no geographical lines, no color line, and neither does he stop to ask the social or other status of his victim. Death stalks only too frequently within the mine, and the task that confronts us all is that of shutting him out by intelligent safety devices and methods, backed by a "Safety Always" state of mind.

"And Thence to the Point of Beginning"

IN the early days when New England, the South and the Ohio Valley were in the process of settlement, land lines were not established by township and section lines as they were later in the Mississippi Valley and throughout the Great West; instead the early land surveyors, of which George Washington

The EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employees of THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY and WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY, and their families, and is distributed to employees free of cost, subscription price to other than employees, \$1.00 per year.

Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING. JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

was an example, found a starting point, usually a rock, a butternut, oak or perhaps a gum tree, thereafter pursuing a meandering course from one tree or rock to another, at times following the center line of a stream, the description of the land so surveyed invariably ending with the words "and thence to the point of beginning."

On September first of last year, the Anthracite Mine Workers set out on just such a course, the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel at Philadelphia the "point of beginning," thereafter running a meandering course to New York, Harrisburg and Washington, the final chapter of that story reading "and thence to the point of beginning."

An editorial published in the "Chicago Examiner" of February 17th describes the Anthracite "course" so well as to justify its reproduction, the presentation made as follows:

"Relief that arises with settlement of the coal strike may for the moment obscure the chief lesson, but it needs none the less to be understood.

"After 164 days, which teuded steadily to become more miserable, and after an economic loss running high into the hundreds of millions of dollars, a settlement was reached which might well have prevailed on the first day.

"Where differences arise between either individuals or groups, there are just two possible ways of adjusting them.

"One is by force, which is disagreeable and expensive.

"The other is by conciliation.

"Conciliation, when impossible through mutual conference and assent, is possible through arbitration.

"Arbitration may disappoint either of the contestants, but it is cheaper, quicker, more humane than war.

"In an industrial dispute it preserves wages, output, markets, all of which are lost when the appeal is to war.

"From the day that the mine workers declined arbitration, the popular sympathy which went to them initially waned. Without the support of public opinion their cause became a battle against growing odds.

"Generous credit is due them for having kept public order under a tension of exceeding strain.

"Equally generous credit is due the patient men who throughout the ordeal worked quietly to win the combatants to reason.

"But the outstanding fact is that American industry is growing out of the war era, and that prudence of management of both labor and capital calls for the frame of mind in which differences can be adjusted without thrusting enormous losses on the consuming public."

There is now abroad a well defined feeling that the anthracite strike, lasting nearly six months, with its train of suffering, privation and losses will be the last of such struggles within the coal industry, anthracite and bituminous. If so, it might be said that the suffering these men and their families underwent will not have been in vain.

The Real Root of the Trouble

JOHN G. SARGENT is the Attorney General of the United States. He is a member of the Cabinet and it is his duty to enforce the Nation's laws, not State, City or Village laws. Prohibition has been a much discussed subject for several years, a period long antedating Mr. Sargent's appointment as Attorney General. The gentleman comes from Vermont and has some of the theories of citizenship that made Rome great before it sickened and fell; theories of citizenship that yet stand for what is best in Americanism. Speaking to the New York State Bar Association in New York City some four weeks gone, Mr. Sargent lifted the whole theory of law, order and good citizenship, out of the slime that has rather inclined to submerge these important attributes, up into the clear light of day. Mr. Sargent's subject was the Volstead Prohibition Act and the general flouting of law by American citizens as well as resident aliens; the principal part of his address reproduced below.

"We hear and read just now a great deal about crime waves; law violations and the way to suppress them; the success or failure of the law enforcement agencies; the necessity for more or less prosecutions; the need of greater penalties; of more courts and more laws; of the formation of many associations, groups—by whatever name they may be called—to study the question of alleged breakdown of law enforcement; but in all of it but little, if anything, is said of what I regard as the real root of the trouble.

"Many offenses against the law are committed from motives of jealousy, of anger, of revenge, of passion and ill-will toward society. No one engages in the liquor traffic from any such motive. Every person who sells liquor does it solely and only because some one will pay a price high enough to make a profit sufficient to offset the chance of detection, conviction and punishment. Now, why do otherwise decent, respectable citizens engage in such bribery? Because, they say, the law interferes with their personal liberty.

"Not only is the law settled, but to all appearances, if we can judge of the minds of the people of the country by the votes of their representatives in Congress, the determination that it shall remain settled and be obeyed is hardening day by day.

"Now, what are the portion of the community who would prefer a different policy, a different law, going to do about it?

"When I say, 'What are they going to do about it?' I put a question for the purpose of trying to help find an answer.

Says Public Offers Bribes

"Can any such citizen say, 'I will pay a bribe to any one who will violate this law of my country?' If he does say that, or saying or not saying or thinking it, does offer and pay the bribe, and so induces some one to violate the law and make a forbidden sale to provide what he desires to drink, can that citizen logically find fault with the man he has bribed, when that man in turn offers and pays part of his bribe to some one to violate another law to get something he wants, or to enable him to escape the consequences of the unlawful act the citizen has paid him to do?

"What but logic is there in the mental processes of a man who has been paid a reward for law breaking by substantial, wealthy, respected members of the community, in thinking and saying, 'They pay me to

commit crime. I will get more pay for committing crime by robbing them of their money and jewelry. They are willing to pay me for the bribery, perjury, violence and murder I must commit to get them what they want; why should I hesitate at violence and murder to get from them what I want?"

"Is it any wonder that banditry, murder, bribery and corruption flourish? That the morally deficient, the criminally inclined more and more boldly go about taking what they want, where they can find it, by any means necessary to get it, when they have constantly before them the spectacle of the very class of people whom they despoil, and kill if necessary, offering to pay and paying them and others to take the risk of breaking other laws?"

Economic View of Problem

"Let me suggest to you an economic view of the situation.

"Without counting the time of Judges, District Attorneys, Marshals and other salaried officials, most of whose time and strength is needed for other purposes, the Federal Government expends nearly \$30,000,000 a year upon suppression of the liquor traffic; State Governments as much or more.

"Every dollar, every cent of this comes, must come, from taxation.

"Saying nothing of the loss to the community in earnings of those serving sentences in jails and penitentiaries, \$12,000,000 in fines and forfeitures are collected in the Federal Courts; in the State Courts as much or more.

"This, besides the fee and expenses of counsel, and the bribes paid dishonest officials, all paid out of the profits of the business, and therefore all paid in the last analysis by the ultimate consumers, all a part of the bribe paid for the commission of the offense.

"Is what they get out of it worth it? Could they not put the money to better use?"

"And every dollar of this tremendous outlay, every occasion for its expenditure, every reason for the tax to raise it, will cease the minute the market for the product ends.

"What are such of the substantial, respected tax-paying members of the community, as are directly responsible for this situation, who help to create it by patronizing the bootlegger, going to do about it? What are their attorneys going to advise about it?"

Think this over and answer each to yourself and to your neighbor. Is any course open to the man or woman who believes in law and order and their enforcement, except to refrain from paying others to violate the law?"

"Is any course open to those who demand the protection of the law, other than to aid and support its enforcement, instead of abetting and paying for its violation?"

"Is any course open to any right-minded individual, to any section, any State, except to stand solidly for the observance of all the law, instead of flouting a part of it, and asking for the enforcement of the balance?"

"If the views I have suggested are sound, can any one without menacing the safety of society, maintain an attitude as to the observance and enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act different from that he maintains as to the observance and enforcement of the law against counterfeiting, against larceny from the mails, against robbery and crime generally?"

Mr. Sargent is right. The prohibition law is part of the fundamental law of the Nation, it is a component part of the Constitution, not a State, City or Village law or ordinance. If you are violating the Constitution of the United States, step in front of the first convenient mir-

ror and look yourself right square in both eyes. If you are an honest-to-God American, you will see the answer.

Hands Across the Sea

THESE are men who go down to the sea in ships and men who go down into mines. Dissimilar in location, habits, manners and occupation, the two classes have one common attribute, courage.

We who know the mines have a familiarity with the men who train for mine rescue work and thereafter respond to the call of humanity whenever the call comes, whether from friend or stranger. There is no standing back there, no laggards, nor slackers. Discipline and discipline alone restrains these men from going too far and too fast. A month ago the air was full of the wireless reports of the attempt and subsequent successful rescue of the crew of the British freighter *Antioe*, numbering twenty-five officers and men, by the Captain and crew of the United States liner *President Roosevelt*. The thrilling story of the rescue written by a passenger aboard the *Roosevelt* is too long to repeat here, every word, withal, an inspiration and a benediction; we will, however, take the liberty of quoting entirely an editorial published in the "New York Times," Sunday, January 31st:

AN EPIC OF THE SEA

"The rescue heard round the world was, as the American Steamship Owners' Association says, 'an example of tenacity and skilled seamanship unsurpassed in the annals of the ocean.' It was a victory of Peace the renown of which will never fade. Though Death had taken two of their number and every boat launched was another hazard of life, the volunteers of the *President Roosevelt* would not be denied. There was no discharge in their enlistments to save. While the *Antioe* held together in the furious storm that raised her skyward only to dash her straining hull into the trough of the sea, every plunge looking like her last, there was no faltering on the *Roosevelt*. Any sacrifice her volunteers were ready to make, even of life itself, if they could win their battle with those high-running seas and take off the poor devils with the despairing faces who were clinging to the rigging and the rail of the helpless *Antioe*. All her boats were gone, her radio was dismantled, her engine room flooded, and no lights were left to signal with when darkness descended on her.

"There was a time when a snow-squall swallowed up the *Antioe*, and for hours all trace of her was lost. Then hope died. But for the unerring seamanship of Captain Fried it would have been the end. He tracked the *Antioe* down in that fury of waters and murk of sky, calculating drift and direction and boldly making for the quarter where she should be found. His own account of the rescue is a model of brevity and modest statement. He says that he lost sight of the freighter at 9 P. M. on the 24th and did not pick her up again until 3:40 P. M. the next day. She was then listing heavily to starboard. At night she showed only one dim lamp. The searchlights of the *Roosevelt* were played steadily on the little ship, giving her crew cheer and sustaining hope in them.

"Boats were floated down to the *Antioe* with the aid of the Lyle guns, but they were lost. Once a line was shot on board: the sea chafed it in two on the rail.

No less than six boats were sacrificed and the Roosevelt used up all her small rope. It was remarkable that when the first boat manned and put over upset, and the crew found themselves struggling in the water, all but two were saved. Those poor fellows, Master-at-Arms Worteman and Boatswain's Mate Heitman, were the only victims of the adventure. They died heroes' deaths. It was a heart-breaking experience to fail to save them. A huge sea carried them away from the side-ladders of the Roosevelt, and desperately as they swam they could make no headway against it. One of them was swept under the stern of the Antinoo, but he missed a line thrown to him there, and the sea engulfed him. For the dependents of these brave men a fund should be raised. Every man on the Antinoo was saved by the Roosevelt's volunteers in life-boats. The rescued were 'in a pitiful condition,' having had no food or water for two days. The story of the gallantry of Chief Officer Miller, in charge of the boats, and his sailors, and of Captain Fried's splendid leadership, as radioed to 'The Times' by Mr. A. Gillespie, a passenger, was a fine piece of descriptive writing with a thrill in every paragraph, quite worthy of such an epic of the sea. The exchange of cablegrams between King George, who expressed admiration and gratitude for the British people, and President Coolidge, who rejoices that 'American sailors have been able to help those of Great Britain,' may be regarded as a prelude to the honoring of the Roosevelt's officers and men by the British nation and recognition of the merit of that achievement by the people and Congress of the United States."

There are yet, regardless of all the disregard of law, the welter of jazz, extravagance and crime, hands that are courageous enough to reach across a wintry sea running mountains high, under a hurricane blowing from 90 to 100 miles an hour and amid swirling, cutting sleet and snow, and a temperature that scared and burned those who were exposed to its furies. Likewise there are hands and hearts strong and courageous enough to don a helmet and thereafter enter a flame scorched mine, taking it all as part of the day's work.

How We Keep Posted

ONE of the distinguishing features of The Union Pacific Coal Company's operating staff, including general office, engineering and various department forces at Rock Springs, Reliance, Winton, Superior, Cumberland and Hanna, is the fact that every man responsible for any portion of the administration of the property, including safety work, personally subscribes for and reads "Coal Age," the same situation obtaining with the staff of the Washington Union Coal Company, where five subscriptions are carried and papers read.

While "Coal Age" is a more generally read publication, "Modern Mining" and other similar publications are likewise subscribed for and read by the operating representatives of the two companies. We may be mistaken, but we are happy in the thought at least, that the two official organizations definitely believe in keeping up with modern practice, giving to their fellow members of the mine fraternity, everything of value to the industry that they are able to develop.

Editor of Union Pacific Railroad Magazine Passes Away

HOWARD ELLIOTT, the Editor of the Union Pacific Railroad Magazine, died at the Hospital of the Good Samaritan, Los Angeles, on January 1, 1926, just four years after the first issue of the Magazine appeared, his death coming after a long period of illness.

Mr. Elliott was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1883, and was educated in the public schools of Indiana and the University of Southern California College of Law, and was a member of the California bar, although but few, even of his intimate friends, knew he was an attorney.

He commenced railroad work in 1901 as a messenger in the offices of the Illinois Car Service Association, serving in various capacities with western roads, including several years with the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad as secretary in the office of the General Manager, until 1917, when he went east as executive assistant with the American Sugar Refining Company and editor of the New York Traffic Club Bulletin. In 1921 Mr. Elliott again entered the employ of the Union Pacific System as editor of the Railroad Magazine, making it one of the foremost railroad magazines in the country.

Mr. Elliott was very well known all over the Union Pacific System, as he spent a great deal of time travelling from place to place getting acquainted with the workmen on the job and likewise the viewpoint of the men who run the railroad. His genial good nature, enthusiasm and fellowship will be very much missed.

S. W. Farnham Talks on Conditions in Russian Coal Industry

MR. S. W. FARNHAM, Consulting Mining Engineer for the Goodman Manufacturing Company, Chicago, who recently returned from an inspection of the Russian coal fields, favored those interested in coal mining at Rock Springs and vicinity Sunday, February 14th, with a very interesting discussion of the coal mining industry in Russia, as well as that of England, Northern France and India, all of which fields Mr. Farnham has visited in a business capacity within the past two years.

Mr. Farnham's discussion was conducted under the auspices of the Rock Springs Labor Institute.

Irish

During a street brawl an Irishman got struck in the eyes with a stick, and he immediately started proceedings against the offender.

"Come, now," said the judge, "you don't really believe he meant to put your eye out?"

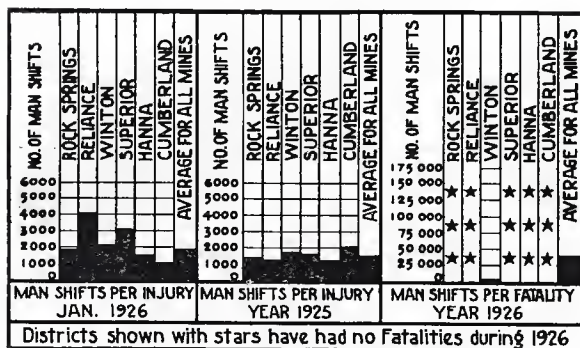
"No, I don't," said the Celt, "but I do believe he tried to put it further in, yer honor!"



SAFETY



January Accident Graph



WE are off to a poor start for 1926. With one fatality for January and, as this is written, a second death during the early part of February the beginning of the year looks decidedly bad.

There were twenty-one injuries recorded during January and, as above stated, one death when Mike Furno, a loader at Winton, No. 7 Mine, was struck by a runaway trip and instantly killed. While this accident was unavoidable and without responsibility, it again emphasizes the necessity of the greatest care on the part of everyone. The things that you may see and avoid may be the cause of injury to someone else. Accidents are someone's fault, don't let them be yours. If you see anything dangerous report it to your Foreman.

Among the accidents reported there is one class that is assuming alarming proportions, that is, injuries to the eyes. Falls of coal and rock are apparently on the decline, but eye injuries are rapidly increasing. During January, of the twenty-one injuries there were three of sufficient duration to warrant compensation, with innumerable cases of from one to four shifts lost from this cause. In nearly every instance it was due to flying coal while picking or mining. While protective measures are difficult, it is something that each workman should give some thought.

As a whole (excepting the fatality at Winton) the month's record was better than for the preceding month, and slightly better than the general average for 1925, but there is still room for much tightening up, and if 1926 is to be made a record year now is the time for everyone to put his shoulder to the Safety wheel and shove.

Injuries During January

- Loader**—Was picking coal at face of entry. Some coal flew from face striking him in eye.
- Driver**—Was tying the lines on butt stick of harness when mule kicked, striking him in abdomen.
- Miner**—Was dropping a loaded car from face of room to entry. When he pulled the block from the car his foot was caught in the rope, knocking him down bruising knees.
- Chief Electrician**—Was working at cross arm of a 20-foot power pole. In attempting to re-fuse a transformer which had burned out, it short-circuited causing him to fall, fracturing pelvis and causing other injuries.

Car-Dropper—While fixing the drop bottom of a railroad car, bottom fell, striking his foot, fracturing one of the smaller bones of foot.

Driver—Was snubbing an empty car into room. Motor trip coming out struck the empty car at room neck and driver was caught between car and trip, causing lacerations of calf.

Miner—Was trimming top coal. A piece of coal flew from pick, striking him in right eye, injuring eye and lacerating cheek.

Miner—Was running a loaded car down room and fell, striking his side upon a rock.

Timberman—Was carrying a prop across the slope. He stepped upon the slope rope while rope was in motion causing him to fall heavily, striking right knee against rail.

Loader—While loading a car a piece of coal fell from roof, lacerating scalp.

Timberman—Had loosely set a prop. When he stooped to get wedge to tighten cap-piece, the prop fell striking him on back.

Miner—Was mining coal at face of room, a small piece flew from pick injuring eye.

Inside Laborer—Was building a stopping. Dropped a stopping block on foot, causing severe bruises.

Miner—While switching an empty car his foot slipped upon the rail and the empty car ran partly over his foot.

Laborer—Was laying a rail near the spot where a miner was trimming a cap piece. While pulling spikes from tie, his hand slipped from spike bar, permitting it to come under miner's axe, receiving severe lacerations of hand and fingers.

Miner—Was pulling some loose coal from face before shooting. A large piece of coal and cap rock fell, causing a fracture of arm and fracture of leg in three places.

Gas Watchman—While repairing a bratten a piece of coal fell from roof, bruising foot and fracturing small bone.

Loader—While walking down slope to work he fell, spraining left wrist.

Loader—Rope runner on panel slope had just taken two loads from his room. When about 20 feet above the room neck in panel, the trip became uncoupled, permitting three cars to run back into the room. Loader who was either standing or walking in middle of track, was struck by runaway cars and instantly killed.

No Reason for Gloom

THE little article on Safety, published and distributed by the Omaha & Council Bluffs-Street Railway Company, bearing the title shown above, contains so much that is good that we gladly reproduce it in the Employees' Magazine. With more mine employees being killed on highways than at work, the remedy would seem to lie in less joy-riding and more work, that is fewer men working more days per year.

"There are persons who throw up their hands in despair when confronted with the accident situation—particularly the growing automobile death rate. There are others who find unwarranted satisfaction in the fact that the death rate per thousand automobiles is decreasing. Neither attitude will accomplish anything.

"Between the two viewpoints is a sane middle course. The accident situation is bad; there is no denying that. But the outlook is by no means hopeless. Twenty years ago few people believed that accidents could be prevented. Carelessness was too deeply ingrained in human nature. "Safety First" encouraged cowardice; production and Safety wouldn't mix. These were the favorite arguments of the pessimists.

"Far seeing industrial leaders, however, thought differently and lived to see their great attitude vindicated by results. There was much experimenting and many a failure before it became evident that safety could be accomplished only when every man in the plant was actively interested.

"The public accident problem occupies a similar position today, but the field is much greater, the facilities for education and discipline much less and the safety workers far too few. If the toll becomes too appalling for even an apathetic public, a remedy will be found without a doubt but those who have the safety movement at heart are trying to check the loss before that stage is reached."

Presentation of Safety Pennant, Cumberland

By Geo. A. Brown

ON February 13th, Cumberland was the recipient of the Safety Pennant won for the best record in the percentage of accidents for man-shifts worked during the last half of 1925. Mr. J. A. Smith, Safety Engineer of The Union Pacific Coal Company, made the presentation after expressing the regrets of Messrs. McAuliffe, Pryde and Dickinson, who were unable to attend due to other business matters. Mr. Geo. A. Brown, local Superintendent, received the pennant on behalf of the Cumberland employees. Messrs. Smith, Brown, Blacker, Fearn and Jenkins made short talks, all being very much enthused over the record of the Cumberland mines for the past year and urging upon the management and employees the necessity of keeping up the good work pertaining to safety, trusting that we will be in a position to repeat with better records for the ensuing year. Our community turned out as usual in full force, which shows the amount of interest taken in all of our endeavors.



Pennant presented to Cumberland for best record in the percentage of accidents for man-shifts worked during the last half of 1925.

A fine concert was given by the Cumberland Band and the High School Glee Club, which organizations need no praise from the writer. After the concert, we had our usual monthly community dance, in which a large crowd participated until the small hours of the morning. During the dance a delicious lunch was served by the ladies' committee in charge, everyone going home well satisfied with the evening's entertainment, proud of the fact that Cumberland was upholding its enviable record in safety matters.

A New Safety Precaution

By A. W. Dickinson

A FIRE which developed in the buildings surrounding the portal of a Colorado metal mine caused the loss of two lives and endangered many others before it was brought under control. The hazard of smoke entering a mine portal is of particular importance at coal mines where the main slope and manway are used as intakes for the ventilating current, more so in sections where the wind frequently attains a high velocity, as in Wyoming. For this reason, under the advice of a representative of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, it has been decided to place fire doors at all portals where tipples or other buildings are in such position as to admit of smoke entering the mine in the event of a fire developing in the buildings or tipple.



Fire Door at Mine No. 7 Main Portal, Winton, Wyoming.

It will be noted from the accompanying illustration that the door is suspended and counter-balanced. If a fire occurs, the door may be quickly pushed down, thereby closing the portal. In the event that a man or men should desire to leave the mine through the portal while the fire door is down, the door can be readily lifted from the inside to permit of exit. It is believed that this is a new departure in coal mining practice.

Lost

A little girl lost herself, and the traffic officer was doing his best to find out who she was and where she lived.

"What is your name?"

"Hazel."

"What is your last name?"

"My name is Hazel."

"Hazel what—what name comes after Hazel?"

"I don't know what it'll be; I'm not married yet."

Alfred Noble and Explosions

By J. Maxson, Hanna

WHO was Alfred Nobel? Ask a dozen of your friends, and the likelihood is that they will shake their heads or say, "Isn't he the man who is linked up with some sort of prize every year for something or other?"

Alfred Nobel was a man to whom every coal miner should be very grateful. From time to time small notes appear in our newspapers announcing that this scientist or that poet has been awarded the Nobel Prize. The name of Nobel has, in this respect, become famous; but of the man himself little is generally known.

Alfred B. Nobel was born at Stockholm, Sweden, on October 21st, 1833. When he was nine years of age his father was invited by the Russian government to go to Petrograd to make torpedoes and mines. Thus, Emmanuel Nobel migrated with his whole family to Russia where he built a factory.

At the age of seventeen years, Alfred Nobel was sent to the United States of America to learn all he could about engineering, and after four years of good hard study, he returned to Petrograd crammed full of engineering craft; later he took a great interest in chemistry and mechanics. It was in his laboratory as a chemist that he proved himself without a peer. Not so many years previous to this an Italian had invented nitro-glycerine and this new explosive, which was many times more powerful than gunpowder, was eagerly seized on for blasting purposes all over the world. The demand for it impelled Emmanuel Nobel to build a factory at Helenborg, Sweden, in 1862, and Alfred, then a young man of twenty-nine, supervised the chemical side of the manufacture. He ceaselessly studied to make the explosive less dangerous to use. The oily liquid in which so much power was stored up was terribly unsafe to handle. Accidents during blasting operations were frequent. Many serious accidents happened in transporting this explosive from place to place and at last the condition grew so grave that first one country and then another forbade the use of nitro-glycerine. The Nobel works at Helenborg had been in existence only two years when a mighty explosion occurred. Afterwards it was found that the factory was practically destroyed. Alfred Nobel's brother was killed and his father was left a permanent invalid. We can imagine that this was a terrible blow to Alfred. However, he did not give up, as most men would after such a calamity, but he built another factory.

In order to prevent accidents, the casks of nitro-glycerine were packed in a certain kind of earth, "infusorial earth," which acted as a buffer and absorbed any shocks; should any of the explosive liquid leak, it would soak into this packing and lodge. One day Nobel was passing through his works when he saw that an accident had happened to one of the casks; a seam had started and the explosive liquid was oozing into the earth. He stopped and gathered up some of the sodden earth and took it into his laboratory. This simple action led to one of the greatest discoveries in the world. It brought fame and fortune to its discoverer and made blasting operations safe once more! He had long been studying to combine nitro-glycerine with some other substance in order to be able to handle this explosive with safety. So he began his experiments and found that this earth soaked up many times its own weight of nitro-glycerine. He moulded some of the earth into sticks and dried them. He found they were apparently harmless! He threw them around; he dropped a little on the fire. Nothing happened, except that it just glazed up; no explosion—yet it was full of nitro-glycerine!

He soon found that the way to unlock the power stored up in the sticks was to suddenly apply a great heat and the stick would explode with terrific force. However, safe as it was, the explosive which Nobel called dynamite had to be handled with care. Sometimes it, too, suddenly exploded from some unexplained cause. Consequently, those who handled it found that it was not fool-proof. Dynamite, which Nobel invented in 1866 was indeed a boon to all those who had been using nitro-glycerine.

Nobel opened works in many countries, his factory in Scotland being the largest. Not only did he invent or discover dynamite, but later he also discovered blasting gelatine (an explosive that is twice as powerful as dynamite.) Again the discovery was accidental. He cut his finger one day while working in his laboratory and in order to stop the bleeding and prevent possible blood poisoning, he took down from a shelf a bottle of collodion which was handy. Now collodion happens to be a gun-cotton dissolved in a spirit. He noticed that the spirit almost instantly evaporated and left a skin of varnish over the wound. An idea! He poured the collodion over some nitro-glycerine which caused it to grow stiff and jelly-like, and finally he gave to the world what we know as blasting gelatine.

'Twas this same man, too, who gave us what is known as smokeless powder. We all know that dynamite, as invented and manufactured by Nobel and by the manufacturers of today, is not suitable for blasting coal (aside from the danger of handling), but we should all recognize that permissible powder or safety powder is a direct product of the dynamite that Alfred Nobel discovered. The majority of permissible powders contain more or less nitro-glycerine mixed with some chemical such as ammonium nitrate, alum, Glauber's salt, etc., which either contain water or produce it on exploding, the steam therefrom reducing the size of the flame and cooling. All permissible powders are so classed by the Bureau of Mines after having passed the test which I believe has been previously explained in the columns of our Magazine. Many of our old time miners still cling to the use of black powder for shooting coal. But we must recognize that black powder is dangerous to use on account of the flame it causes when exploded; and also the products of explosion which tests show, CO₂ 32.15%, CO 33.75%, N 19.03%, H₂S 7.10%, H 5.22% and no oxygen.

It is during firing that the greatest danger arises and our permissible powders are much more safe than black powder. First, the products of combustion are much more nearly non-combustible. Second, the heat generated during firing is much lower than black powder and there is a much more rapid and complete combustion. It is claimed that the gases from "Sprengel" class of explosives (which do not contain nitro-glycerine) are non-inflammable, being chiefly CO₂, water vapor and nitrogen; also the degree of heat is below the temperature of igniting either Methane gas or coal dust or any other inflammable gas. It cannot be denied, however, that all so-called safety explosives have at one time or another given off flame which would have been sufficient to ignite either inflammable gas or dust. This may not be due to faulty explosives but to the condition in the mine at the time, or to the manner in which the shots are fired.

We must all remember that even the best explosives are not absolutely safe. There has been no explosive made yet that has not under some conditions proved faulty. It is well known that carbon monoxide is formed from firing black powder and the nitro-glycer-

(Please turn to page 99)

Herbert Hoover

An American - A Citizen of the World.

"YOU are American! Hoover is American!"

A tiny group of American women found themselves in a Belgian port during the busy days that immediately followed the Armistice in the World War, with only a few days in which to secure and equip a canteen for American soldiers—the first to be established in that port. The co-operation of army and town officials was easy to obtain. The help of Belgian women was, at first, not so easy. It was almost more necessary—at least until more American help could come. And these American women had grown used to the command: "You go up there and we'll send you help in a few weeks"—and then having the help fail to arrive. So their needs and purposes were explained to a group of Belgian women who said: "You are American. Hoover is American!" And help was given. Hoover is American, and is the most outstanding figure in the organized humanitarian work which went along with the terror of the war:

This, then, is a story about Herbert Hoover, the man who gave up a business that meant the directorship of more than 125,000 workers in order that he might give his time and his powers to the task of feeding the ten million helpless civilians in Belgium and Northern France during the occupancy of the German army, when all their ports were closed—yes, and for many months afterwards.

On every side, during that time, we heard: "There is a man who knows how to get difficult things done!" "Hoover can do it if anyone can." And he did. Problems of transportation, problems of shipping in war-zone waters, problems of dealing with foreign governments, problems of dealing with and planning for people who could be said to be without a government at all, and later, the problem of dealing with an enemy government, were problems—but never once stopped the work of supplying the people of Belgium and Northern France with food. A prominent member of the British Parliament is quoted as having said at this time: "If England could have availed herself of such talent for organization as Herbert Hoover has displayed in feeding the Belgians, we should be a good year nearer the end of the war than we are today."

Who was this man who knew how to do things? In what school did he learn how to meet emergencies and how to manage men?

They tell us that he was a Quaker lad, born on an Iowa farm, who in his early boyhood moved to a farm in the far west. "The first thing you think about Hoover," said a man who knew him in college, "is that he is a free soul and feels himself free. Most people are more or less hedged in by their own little affairs. His interests have no walls to shut him away from other people and their interests. He is a man who is in vital touch with what concerns other men." Perhaps Hoover had taken Terence's "I am a man, and nothing that concerns man do I deem a matter of indifference to me" for his slogan.

But we come once more to our question: How did he come by this vital touch which gives him this power over men and makes him in a very real sense a citizen of the world?

Sometimes we like to pretend that we can explain the making of a great man. We say, for example, of Lincoln: he early learned what it meant to meet hardship, so he was strong to endure; by hard times and hard work he learned the value of things, the things that really count; he knew sorrow—and knew the faith that is greater than grief, so he had a heart that could feel with the sorrows of others. Because a truly sympathetic heart beats with the joys as well as the griefs of others, he cared for the little things that go to make up the big things we call living. Thus it was that he knew people and life and so was able to be the leader of a nation in time that tried the souls of the bravest. So we say—and fancy that we have explained Lincoln. But have we? Many other boys knew toil and want and sorrow and perhaps many learned much from these—but there was only one Lincoln.

Someone has said that we can no more explain a great character than we can explain life itself. Children brought up in the same home are each one different. And, in passing, we might suggest that perhaps the greatest mistake of modern society and modern education is the stan-

standardization of individuals, the pigeon-holing process that would seem to wish to make one pattern fit many folk. Each child is himself alone, and as the days go by the things he sees and hears, the things he dreams and the things he does are somehow made a part of that self.

What was it in the Iowa farm life that became a part of the Quaker boy, Herbert Hoover? He learned to look life in the face, simply and frankly. Hard work, resolute wrestling with the brown earth, made his muscles firm and his nerves steady. The passing of the seasons, the coming of the rain, the dew and the frost, the sweep of the storm, taught him a love of nature and perhaps a delight in nature's laws. Certainly on the farm he would learn that thinking and planning brought a liberal increase to his crops, that the might of man is in the mind.

Then came the move to Oregon. How the Golden West opened up a whole vista of new ideas! How many kinds of interesting people there were in the world! He longed to go to college where one could get a bird's-eye view of the whole field of what life had to offer. A Quaker school was suggested. But Hoover didn't want to go to a sectarian school. "I want," he said, "to go where I will have a chance to see and judge everything fairly, without prejudice for or against any one line of thought."

"The way of the Friends is a liberal enough way for a son of mine" was his guardian's reply. "Thou must not expect thy people to send thee to a place of worldly fashions and ideas."

"It looks as if I should have to send myself then," said the young man and when Leland Stanford Junior University opened its doors in 1891, Herbert Hoover was one of those applying for admission. The first student to register for the engineering course, he was the distinguished nucleus of the Department of Geology and Mining. The first problem young Hoover had to solve at college, however, was the way of meeting his living expenses. Refusing to accept the "waiting on table" jobs that were offered him he looked for something that hadn't been done and organized and conducted a laundry service for the college.

Graduating from the University in the pioneer class of 1895, he served his apprenticeship at the practical work of mining engineering in Nevada County, California. He earned two dollars a day at this job. Someone records that his foreman said of him here that he was "a young chap that college couldn't spoil. He has a degree plus common sense." High praise this since the experience-trained man is ever ready to declare against the college-trained man who shares his task.

It seemed as if fate were determined from the first that the young man should qualify as a citizen of the world as well as a master of mines. We next find him in New South Wales in a blazing desert whose buried wealth of zinc and gold is given only to those who have grit to endure its hardships. Perhaps Hoover was able to see through the hardships to the chance of doing an unusual thing, to the challenge of a real task.

The New South Wales contract completed, Hoover found new problems as a mining expert and manager of men in China. But before he left for the Celestial Empire he was married to Miss Lou Henry, a California girl who, with a hobby for the marvels of geology, was interested in everything he did. Going to China at that time was something more than the adventure of an entrance to a new country. For a long time a strong feeling against foreigners and the changed life they were introducing into China had been smoldering among many of the people. There was a large party who believed that change was dangerous. They did not want railroads built and mines worked. The Boxer Society, whose slogan was "down with all foreigners" became very powerful. Its members said: "Let us be true to the old customs and keep China in the safe old way." The story of the Boxer uprising is too well known to need repetition. The Hoovers found themselves in the thick of it. In charge of important mining interests at Tientsin, Mr. Hoover had a chance now to prove himself a master of men. He succeeded in guiding his men during the riots and in safeguarding the interests of his company, and somehow he managed, too, to keep his faith in people in spite of the war madness. He never doubted that the wave of cruelty would pass and that reason would eventually prevail.

The adventure of living led the Hoovers to Australia, to Africa, to out-of-the-way places in many countries where there were mines to be worked. As manager of some very important mining interests, Mr. Hoover's judgment was sought as a consulting engineer. But he was too big a man to rest back on what he had accomplished and content himself with making money.

"I have all the money I need," he said. "I want to do some real work; it's only doing things that counts."

Not many of us would choose doing a latin translation for a hobby. But we find that Mr. Hoover and his wife took up such a task together with all the zest that one puts into a fascinating game and the determination that carried them through seven years of work to its completion. They translated into English a Latin book about mines and minerals. A friend writes that Hoover told him they were "putting old Agricola into English."

"Who in the world was Agricola and what does he matter to you?" demanded his friend.

"Agricola," said Hoover, "was the Latinized name of a German Doctor of Medicine, who lived in the mining districts of Germany and who, working at it for twenty-seven years, wrote, in Latin this work on geology mining and metallurgy, the corner stone of that science." And in the foreword which the Hoovers' English translation carries Mr. Hoover gives to Mrs. Hoover, who was his classmate in Leland Stanford, credit for full half of the work of its translation.

"But," asked this friend, "how then does it happen that it has never been translated before?"

"Well," replied Hoover, "You see it wasn't a particularly easy job. Agricola's Latin had its limitations, but his knowledge of mining and metallurgy problems are prodigious. Only a mining man could possibly get at what he was trying to say and most mining experts have something more paying to do than to undertake a thing of this kind."

"I see," retorted his friend, "you are doing this because you have nothing more paying to do."

Mr. Hoover might have said that there was more than one kind of pay. Certainly the work he volunteered to do when the storm of the great war broke on Europe in August 1914, was "paying" in some other than the ordinary way. He was at his London headquarters when the panic of fear seized the crowds of American tourists who had gone abroad as to a favorite pleasure-park and had found it suddenly transformed into a battle-field. Hundreds of people were as frightened and helpless as children caught in a burning building. All at once they found themselves in a strange threatening world, without means of escape.

"Nobody seemed to know what was to be done with us, and nobody seemed to care," said one girl, describing it. "Mobilizing was the only thing that mattered. There were no trains and steamers for us." Mr. Hoover came to the rescue. People were gotten from the Continent into England, arrangements were made for the advancement of funds to meet their needs and to get them back to America.

But this was easy compared to Mr. Hoover's next task. In August, 1914, the little country of Belgium was, without an instant's warning, invaded by an enormous army which eventually left only a tiny strip of country, some thirty miles wide, that wasn't occupied by the enemy. Food supplies, transportation, everything, were cut off. The cry of a whole nation in distress startled the world. The people of Belgium were starving. There was need for instant and efficient aid. Of course only a neutral would be permitted to serve. Mr. Walter H. Page, American Ambassador to England, appealed to Mr. Hoover to act as chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

Can we picture his task. Here was tiny Belgium, about the size of the State of Maryland, so closely dotted with towns and villages that there were as many people living there as were in all the vast stretches of Canada, to our north. And almost all of it was occupied by an enemy army. Hoover's task then was that of buying food for ten million people, shipping it across seas made dangerous by mines and submarines of the warring nations, and distributing it throughout an entire country without any of the normal means of transportation. Let us see how he went to work. He had to organize a corps of workers. Chief of these (before America was at war) were the Rhodes scholars who were at Oxford. And again leadership qualities were needed. And always, wherever one met members of the A. R. A. (Hoover's men) one had the feeling that here was a united group, a wonderful fraternity of shoulder-to-shoulder co-workers, held together and able to act, voluntarily, with all the precision and unity of an army—a tribute to the leadership of their chief.

We have always considered some of the early stories about how Hoover got food to Belgium particularly delicious. England was vitally and entirely concerned with her war problems. Railways and steamships were supposed to be at the command of the government. Mr. Hoover had to, somehow, arrange for the transportation of supplies to meet the immediate needs of Bel-

gium. Going on the principle that "when a thing is really necessary it is better to do it first and ask permission afterwards," he saw his cargoes safely stowed and the hatches battened down before he went to secure his clearance papers.

"We must be permitted to leave at once," he declared urgently. "If I do not get four cargoes of food to Belgium by the end of the week, thousands are going to die of starvation, and, perhaps, many more be shot in food riots."

"Out of the question!" replied the cabinet minister to whom he was appealing. "There is no time, and if there were, there are no good wagons to be spared by the railways, no dock hands, and no steamers. Besides, the channel is closed to merchant ships for a week to allow the passage of army transports."

"I have managed to get all these things," said Hoover, "and I am now through with them all except the steamers. This wire tells me that these are loaded and ready to sail, and I have come to you to arrange for their clearance."

The distinguished official looked at Hoover aghast. "There have been men sent to the Tower for less than you have done, young man!" he exclaimed. But he was a really big man. He finally congratulated Hoover on a jolly clever coup and said he'd arrange clearance papers.

Then when, in April, 1915, a German submarine torpedoed one of the Commission's food-ships, and somewhat later an aeroplane tried to drop bombs on another, Mr. Hoover paid a flying visit to Berlin, taking his trouble to Headquarters. He was assured that Germany regretted the incident and that it would not happen again.

"Thanks," said Hoover. "Perhaps your Excellency has heard about the man who was bitten by a bad-tempered dog? He went to the owner to have him muzzled.

"But the dog won't bite you," insisted the owner.

"You know he won't bite me, and I know he won't bite me," said the injured man, doubtfully, "but the question is, does the dog know?"

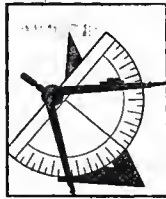
"Herr Hoover," said the official, "pardon me if I leave you for a moment. I am going at once to 'let the dog know.'"

The whole world was impressed by the masterly way the work was carried on. Wheat was bought by the shipload in Argentina, transported to Belgium, where it was milled and made into bread, and then sold for less than the price in London. Many of the Belgians, of course, were able to pay for their food. They had property or securities on which money could be raised. The destitute people were the wage-earners whose only dependence for daily bread—their daily labor—had been taken from them by the war.

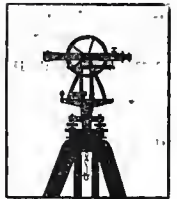
In the winter of 1917 Mr. Hoover came to America to tell about conditions in Belgium and to ask further help. It is fair to repeat what Hoover told widely at that time: "America has received virtually all the credit for the help given, and we do not deserve it. Out of \$250,000,000 that we have spent, only \$9,000,000 have come from the United States."

We are told that the reward of service is more service—and certainly more and more work and larger and larger opportunity for service came to Hoover. The Belgian Relief Commission became the American Relief Administration. Russia, with the most mystifying and difficult problems, had to be helped. Eastern Europe and (after the Armistice) Germany, too, held up their starved and starving children, asking for relief. Then, crystallizing into principles of child welfare the tremendous amount of data that he had accumulated through the six years of experience in feeding so large a family, Hoover launched in America itself, one of the most far-reaching and organization-searching campaigns for child-health that has ever been projected, attempting to bring together the then active national child-welfare organizations in a unified program.

The tale of the more recent achievements and service and opinions of this great American and citizen of the world is being written daily in the public press of our country and in the evolutions that come to the problems and plans that make up our American public life. We can, however, write about Hoover's work on the Relief Commission because it has passed into history and—most surely—too, has passed into the story-lore of the peoples he served and saved, to be told and retold by the folks who must look on all Americans more kindly because "Hoover is American."



Engineers' Department



John A. Becker Dies

THE death of John A. Becker came as a shock to the community of Rock Springs, where he had lived for five years and to the Union Pacific family, particularly the Engineering staff, it brought a sense of tremendous loss. Mr. Becker had been ailing for some time and had gone to the hospital in Salt Lake City where surgeons performed a successful operation. When he was considered out of danger Mrs. Becker and her two daughters returned to Rock Springs, only to be recalled by a message telling that pneumonia had developed following an attack of the prevalent flu.



John A. Becker, member of Engineering staff for five years, dies at Salt Lake Hospital.

John A. Becker was born on February 8th, 1883, in Ashton, Iowa, and moved, with his parents, to Hastings, Minnesota, when he was nine years old. He was graduated from the Hastings High School and then entered the University of Minnesota where he took up two years of his engineering course.

Later, after some practical experience in the field, he went to the University of Iowa, from which school he was graduated with the degree of Engineer of Mines.

He came west and was married on September 8th, 1914, to Miss Ethel Coffey of Denver at the Church of St. Francis de Sales.

He worked in the metal mines of the Cripple Creek, Breckenridge and Leadville districts of Colorado, coming to Rock Springs in October, 1920.

He was a faithful member of the South Side Catholic Church and a charter member of the Rock Springs' Knights of Columbus, having joined the Knights in Cripple Creek, Colorado.

Funeral services were conducted by Reverend Father S. A. Welsh at the South Side Catholic Church on Tuesday, February 2nd, at ten o'clock and again at the home of Mrs. Becker's mother, South Franklin Street, Denver, by Reverend Father O'Harron, priest of the St. Francis parish, after which he was laid to rest in beautiful Mount Olivet in Denver.

Besides his wife and two little daughters, Lucille, aged eight, and Aileen, aged four, Mr. Becker is survived by his father, George Becker, of Hastings, Minnesota, two brothers and three sisters. He was a quiet, home-loving man, and to his wife and two beautiful little daughters who were the objects of his care and devotion, we offer our heartfelt sympathy in their very sad bereavement.

Mine Arithmetic

(This is the eleventh article on Mine Arithmetic. Subsequent articles will appear in later issues.)

POWERS AND ROOTS.

Cube root continued.

IN the previous article the principles of cube root were shown, and when cube root is taught in schools it is customary to use a set of cubical blocks to illustrate the principles involved, but in the absence of the cubical block a graphic illustration will be used to find the length of the side of a cube which contains 27 solid feet.

Let the cube be represented by the diagram marked "A", each side of which is divided into 9 square feet. Since the length of a side is 3 feet, if we multiply $3 \times 3 \times 3$ the product 27 will be the solid contents of the cube. Now, if we reverse the process, dividing 27 into three equal factors, one of these factors will be the side of the cube and will equal 3 feet.

We will solve the following example and illustrate the process in diagram "B".

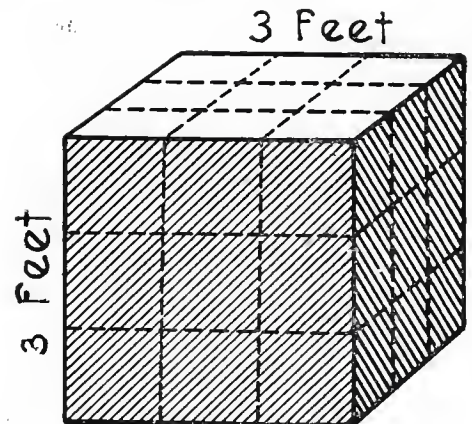
Example: What is the length of one side of a cubical block containing 15,625 solid feet of coal.

Explanation: We separate the given number into periods of three figures as shown. This shows that the root must have two figures.

Beginning with the first period on the left, we find the greatest cube in 15 is 8, the root of which is 2. Placing the two in the bracket on the right of the number, we subtract its cube from the first period, and to the remainder bring down the next period for a dividend. This shows that we have 7625 solid feet to be added.

Operation	
Dividend	Root
15 625	25
8	
7 625	

(Please turn to page 97)



$$3 \times 3 \times 3 = 27 \text{ ft.}$$

A

Nikola Tesla

By D. C. McKeahan

HAS it ever occurred to you that a single invention has made it possible for us to have the huge power-plants and the long transmission lines, that deliver electrical energy from remote parts to our cities and give us the conveniences we now enjoy?

After spending nine years in study and experimenting, Nicola Tesla succeeded in proving the correctness of a theory upon which his mind had so long dwelt. He invented the principle of the revolving magnetic field, embodied in present day induction motors, and the revolving field generators, used for the first time at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

He patented the induction motor in 1888 and in 1892 millions of dollars were being spent at Niagara for the installation of electrical machinery, the essential characteristics of which were conceived in his own brain. To engineers of that day his work was startling. It has since made him famous.

He was born in Smitjan, Lika, Austria-Hungary, in 1857. His father was a Greek clergyman and orator. From his mother, who was an inventor, as was her father, he inherited a love and an ability for invention.

In fulfillment of a promise made by his father, during a long serious illness, he was sent to study engineering at the Joanneum in Gratz, in Styria. He has been called a "child of genius" and as a boy trained himself in will-power and self-control, and to this discipline he attributes whatever success he has attained.

While at Joanneum he conceived the idea that a commutator used on a direct-current motor was unnecessary.

I shall add at this point that a direct-current is first generated as an alternating-current and rectified or commutated to direct-current, in which form it flows to the external circuit.

The success of his first motor was realized while living in Strassburg. Unsuccessful in obtaining funds to perfect his invention, he resolved to come to America in 1884. His first employment was with the Edison Machine Works.

The work of Nicola Tesla deals almost entirely with alternating-current. Previous to his invention the electrical industry was limited to low voltage, not over 500 volts, direct-current and 1100 and 2200 volts alternating-current. What small amount of power was consumed was supplied by direct-current and the alternating-current was used for electric lighting.

Direct-current transmission was costly and an alternating-current motor was not available. The old system required two wires. Tesla's system required three. He provided the motor that utilized the alternating-current. It worked by induction so that the revolving part had no electrical connection with the stationary part. His motor had no revolving contacts to get out of order or to "throw fire." Both light and power were supplied over the same circuit.

While he used three wires, large ones were not required, so that for transmitting the same amount of power only 75% of the copper was required. Later, it

was found that by raising the voltage greater distances could be reached. A line that could carry 100 K.W., one mile at 1100 volts would carry the same load four miles at 2200 volts.

The alternating-current system permits generating power at low voltage and by using a transformer it may be stepped-up to several thousand volts for transmission, then at the end of the line it is stepped-down to a low voltage for lighting and power. Direct-current does not permit of being stepped-up in like manner, consequently its shortcomings.

Today hundreds of thousands of K.W. are transmitted at voltages as high as 220,000 volts over lines two hundred miles in length.

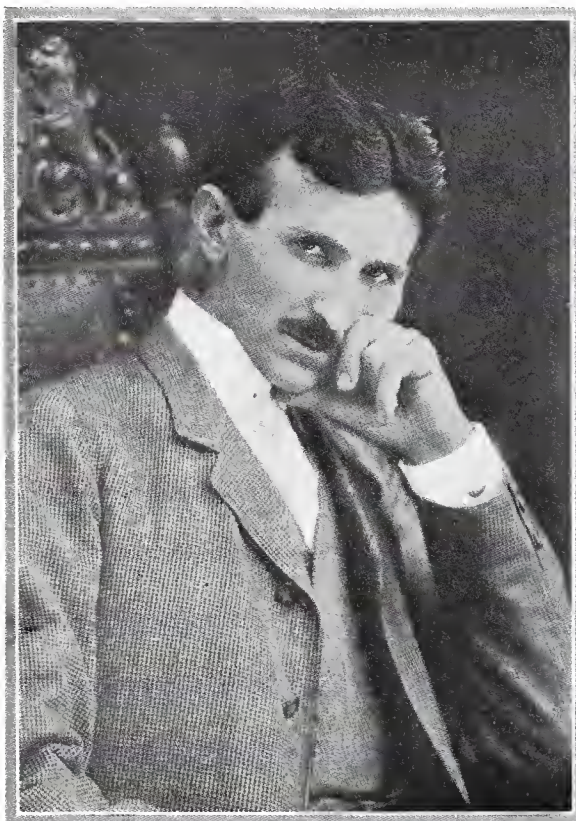
In 1917, on the twenty-first anniversary of the reading of his paper announcing his discovery in polyphase transmission, before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, he received the Edison Medal in recognition of his early original work.

Tesla invented a special type of coil, called a Tesla Coil, whereby he could step-up a low voltage to

an extremely high value. It is used for spectacular effects. The voltage is raised to several hundred thousand and the frequency of the alternations are increased to several thousand. Strange as it seems a discharge from such a coil, though the spark is several inches in length, is not perceptible to the human body. Such phenomena as lighting a lamp held in one's hand, lighting vacuum tubes, etc., as you may have seen on the Vaudeville stage, are done with this apparatus.

His inventions and discoveries cover a score of things that are of scientific and practical value to the world. A dreamer of dreams—he made many of his dreams come true.

One grandfather lived to be 110 years old and the other lived to be 100 years old and Nikola Tesla believes that he may yet do wonderful things.



Nikola Tesla, the Inventor of the Induction Motor.

My First Bear—A Silver Tip

By James Lynip

IT was during the month of August, 1925, that a party of three of us agreed upon a fishing trip to Pinedale, Wyoming, a small metropolis bordering on the edge of the Jackson Hole country. Pinedale is one hundred miles north of Rock Springs, is beautifully situated, surrounded by pine trees and has an ideal trout stream running right through the center of the town. An excellent place to base. Trout fishing may be had in half a dozen streams and in several lakes within a radius of fifteen miles.

At Pinedale we met a friend who has a ranch about fifty miles to the north, in the very heart of the big game country of Wyoming. He asked if I could make arrangements to go up to his place at the opening of the big game season which, in this state, comes the fifteenth of September, and promised me an opportunity to bag an elk. I promised him and myself that I'd most surely be on hand if it were at all possible—two days before the season opened, to make preparations for the hunt.

Then most things slid into the background as I looked forward to the season opening. I overhauled my car, not that it needed it particularly, but just to be sure that nothing happened on the way north. And on the morning of the thirteenth of September I left Rock Springs at 9:00 A. M., arriving at Pinedale at 1:00 P. M., and at my destination, the ranch, at 5:00 P. M. The next day was the fourteenth so we spent it shortening the stirrups of a saddle I'd borrowed, sharpening a hand axe, putting an edge on our hunting knives and preparing our packs. In the afternoon we finished and had the luck to catch enough trout for dinner and breakfast.



"I had a rug made of the pelt with a full head mount."—James Lynip, Rock Springs, with his 9 foot 6 inch silver tip bear skin.

The next day was the opening of the game season. After eating a hearty breakfast, followed by several cups of coffee strong enough to float a spike, we proceeded to wrangle the horses we intended riding that day. This accomplished, we got our rifles and packs and up we went, through the most picturesque mountain scenery to be seen in any country. It was the time of year when the quaking aspen trees are taking on their marvelous hues of yellow and red, and patches of these, with magnificent pine trees, on the mountain sides and silvery streams wending their way through the valleys, left nothing to be desired to make a continuance of soul-satisfying pictures as we rode along.

After going through this picturesque country for a distance of about four miles, it became necessary to dismount and lead the horses up an incline of about half a mile, as the footing was unsafe. As soon as we came on top my partner said: "Be on the lookout, we're liable to see elk anytime now." After a mile of leading our horses we decided to continue without them. Going a short distance further, we came upon some fresh bear tracks, apparently those of a black bear, as the tracks were small. This was more luck than we'd hoped for. We looked for Mr. Bear but couldn't find him.

Going around a small grove of pines, we heard some elk getting out but were unable to get a shot at them. We went back to where we had our horses tied and then followed the course the elk had taken. We came into a small open park after traveling about three-fourths of a mile through heavy pine timber. Here my partner thought we ought to tie up our horses again as the wind had changed and was now in our favor. Removing our rifles from their scabbards, we cautiously walked over fallen logs for a distance of about one hundred yards when my partner noticed something moving in the pines about thirty feet to his left. I saw the object almost at the same instant.

"Look!" he said, "Don't shoot until we are sure what it is. Maybe it's a moose."

Then I saw the head of another large grizzly bear just as he was getting up from where he'd been lying under a small pine.

"It's a bear!" I said.

"Let him have it," was his reply and his rifle cracked.

He scored a perfect miss.

But I fired one of my 30-40's just as Mr. Grizzly was making his get-away through the pines. I hit him through the hips, just to the left of the backbone, turning him over a couple of times on his head.

"That's got him!" said my friend.

But we found that it hadn't gotten him, for as soon as he recovered his bearings, on he came for us. My partner prepared to shoot again only to find that his rifle, an automatic, had jammed. There he was, and the enraged bear making for the two of us! However, he evidently couldn't see my partner who was behind a small pine trying to dislodge the shell. So on he came for me. I waited until he was fifteen feet from me, then fired. He dropped in his tracks. A fine specimen of silver tip grizzly! He measured:

- 9 feet 6 inches from nose to tail.
- 7 feet 2 inches, span forelegs.
- 14 inches, skull cap.
- 5½ inches, between the eyes, and
- Weighted probably 700 lbs.

It was just dark when we finished skinning him. The horses were old hunters and didn't mind being led right up to the kill. We tied the hide to one saddle

(Please turn to page 97)

Reliance Schools

By J. L. Libby

CENTRALIZATION of schools affords educational facilities and advantages where there are too few school children to maintain a school proper.

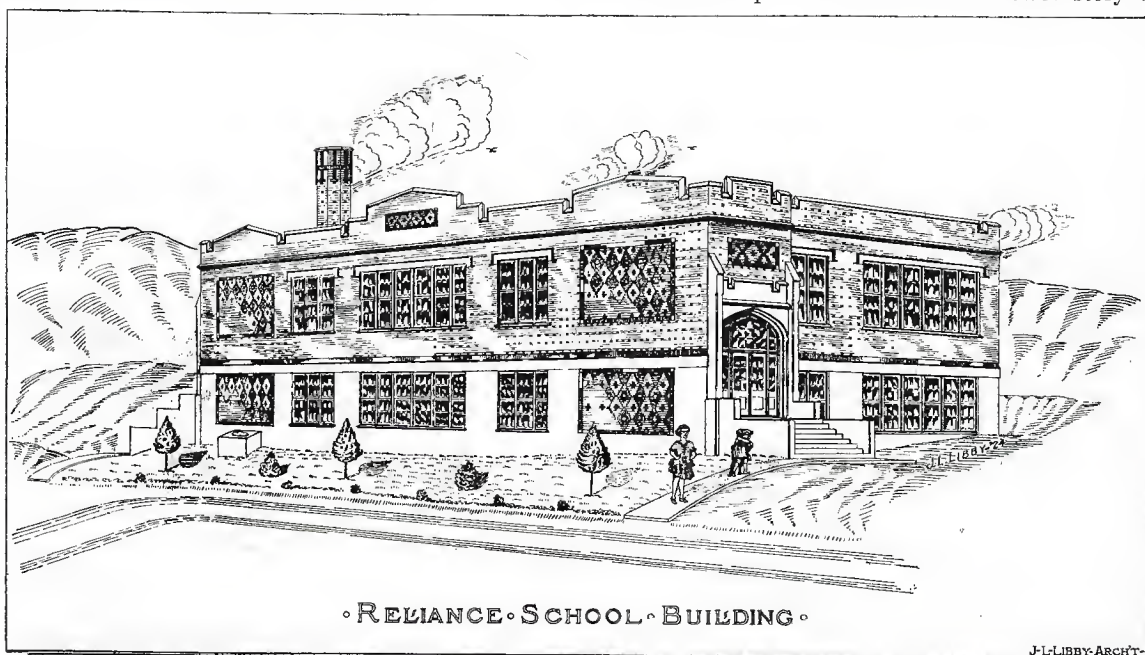
Appreciating this fact, District No. 7, Sweetwater County, Wyoming, with schools at Winton, Dines and Reliance, decided to centralize the first two high school grades of this district at Reliance, and the latter two at Rock Springs, there not being a sufficient number of pupils in District 7 to establish and maintain a complete high school; primary and grammar grades are to be retained in each of the above named places as here-to-fore. Reliance was selected as the most adaptable location for the centralized school, it being a direct route for auto bus service to and from the other towns in the transportation of pupils.

roomy quarters with comfortable seating facilities, cheerful environment and good sanitary conditions are all essential in reaching this goal.

A short general description of the new building follows, first mentioning the fact that the plans were drawn in the early part of 1923 and that the Superior school, described in the January, 1925, issue of this magazine, was an adaptation of these plans with a few minor changes; hence the description to some extent is identical.

The site selected for the building at Reliance is centrally located, being near the old one, has sufficient grounds for play activities and affords a pleasing view.

The structure is two stories in elevation, of Collegiate Gothic architecture, and has a frontage of 108 feet and a depth of 56 feet. The lower story has



Reliance's new school building which will be opened on March fifteenth.

At the time this decision was made the school buildings at Reliance and Winton were owned by the Union Pacific Coal Company and were rented to the district for one dollar a year. Similar conditions of ownership and rental applied to the Colony Coal Company's tile school of four class rooms at Dines. Facilities at Reliance were inadequate and a new building necessary, so a bond issue was voted by the District to cover the purchase of the schools at Winton and Dines, and the cost of a new centralized school at Reliance.

A building should be designed to suit the purpose for which it is intended, and a school is really a work-shop. While the surroundings should be perfectly hygienic, with good taste shown throughout in furnishings and equipment, there should be no ostentatious ornamentation. Educational efficiency has been the recent slogan, and science has demonstrated that mental development is partially dependent upon physical environment. With the thought in mind that a child spends from one-fourth to one-third of his time in school, every consideration as to his physical comfort and development should be incorporated in the design and construction of his school home; plenty of sunlight, pure air with uniform temperature,

concrete walls with a stucco finish. The exterior walls of the upper story are of light colored brick laid with dark mortar, and having dark flemish bond headers every fourth course. The entrances, grouping of the windows, diaper work brick panels and light colored gray granite cast stone trimmings give the exterior effect.

The general plan consists of nine class rooms, an assembly hall, a library and a teachers' room or office, which, in connection with the arrangement of entrances at either end of the building, ample stairways and spacious, well lighted halls, making all these rooms easily accessible, also permits of the segregation of sexes. All class rooms are standard in design, having the usual furnishings, including a convenient closet for teachers.

Good lighting being necessary, an effort has been made to eliminate shadows due to insufficient and poorly arranged windows. All rooms and halls are provided with ample windows, and those in the class rooms are grouped to give left unilateral lighting. Electric lighting is also provided, having neat appearing fixtures with glass bowls that give an efficient diffused light.

(Please turn to page 99)

Cardinal Mercier Mourned Throughout the World

THE death of Cardinal Mercier, Belgium's heroic primate, brings sorrow, not only to Belgium and Europe—but to the whole world which has honored him as one of its heroes since, during the world war, he defied the invading German army, always, politely but relentlessly, insisting that the rights of his people be not trampled upon; and always sending out, in his pastoral letters the word that more than anything else maintained the morale, the National consciousness of the Belgian citizenry.

Besides the picture of his heroic, reckless-of-self defiance of the German commander, we see him in three other pictures. In the Pantheon de la Guerre, in Paris, that marvelous panorama which pictures the notable citizen and military heroes of the world war in life-sized portraits, the commanding, benign figure of Cardinal Mercier is seen in the center foreground of the Belgian section.

Next we see, in New York City, during the Cardinal's long-promised visit to America, in the Autumn

of 1919, General Pershing leading the famous First Division, fresh from France, in a parade up Fifth Avenue. The Cardinal, with Braud Whitlock, former American Minister to Belgium, watched the parade from a stand in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. As the head of the procession reached this point, General Pershing dismounted and stopped (halting the parade) to greet the Cardinal.

Then we see the crowd that watched outside the hospital, in which the Cardinal breathed his last, part and make way for the car of King Albert and Prince Leopold who mounted the steps three at a time and knelt in prayer beside the body of the man who had kept alive, in Belgium, a vibrant spirit while the homeless king battled at the head of his little army.

Sometime we shall take time to review the life of this man. Now we wish to (with the rest of the world) pay our tribute to one of the most heroic figures of our day and to acknowledge our indebtedness for his courage and valor.



The Belgian section of the Pantheon de la Guerre in Paris, showing Cardinal Mercier in the center foreground.

What is Most Important?

IT is related that a college professor, being ferried across a stream, asked the boatman, "Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, never heard of it."

"Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then one-half your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?"

"No."

"Then three-quarters of your life is gone."

Presently the boat tipped over and both fell into the water.

"Can you swim?" asked the boatman.

"No."

"Then the whole of your life is gone."



Old Timers' Page



Old Timers Celebrate at Hanna

THE "Old Timers" of The Union Pacific Coal Company of Hanna, consisting of men having twenty or more years of service with the company, held their First Annual Old Timers' Celebration on February 19th, 1926. The festivities commenced with a delicious banquet at the First Aid Hall at 6:00 P. M., at which only the Old Timers, their wives and a few invited guests were present, there being in all one hundred diners seated at the heavily laden tables, the following menu being splendidly served.

Fruit Cocktail	
Chicken Patties	
Mashed Potatoes	Creamed Brussel Sprouts
Combination Salad	Hot Rolls
Dill and Sweet Pickles	
Stuffed Olives	
Ice Cream	Cake
Coffee	

After all had done ample justice to the delicious repast before them, Mr. T. H. Butler, who had been selected as Chairman of the evening, made a few appropriate remarks, and thereafter called on the following Old Timers, who responded with short but appropriate talks: Mr. George B. Pryde, Vice-President and General Manager of The Union Pacific Coal Company; Mr. George A. Brown, Mine Superintendent, Cumberland; Mr. S. D. Briggs, and Mr. J. H. Crawford.

Following the program held at the First Aid Hall, those participating repaired to the Opera house, where the following program was rendered.

Song—America Old Timers
Grand March.
Quadrille.

Vocal Solo—My Wild Irish Rose J. Lee Waltz.

Cornet Solo—After the Ball I. Sheratt Schottische.

Violin Solo—Over the Waves B. Tavella Two-Step.

Song—When You and I Were Young, Maggie....

Quadrille.
Waltz.

Song—Sweet Alice Ben Bolt Old Timers Circle Two-Step

Polka.
Quadrille.

Rye Waltz.
Virginia Reel.

Song—Auld Lang Syne Old Timers
Home Sweet Home.

The musical and dance program was participated in by all present with much vim and pep, and the action shown by some of the oldest of the Old Timers, proved that a man is only as old as he feels, and with the old time community spirit prevailing, the singing of old time songs, the dancing of the old time graceful dances, it was plain to be seen that the entire program brought back fond recollections of pleasant evenings spent with friends in years gone which are now but a fond memory.

The singing of Auld Lang Syne, and the dancing of that old but still popular waltz, "Home Sweet Home," brought to a close the First Annual Old Timers' Celebration, and all departed for their homes

tired but happy, voting the entire affair the best ever held in the community, and with a firm determination to keep the organization alive, and make the second annual meeting to be held at Rock Springs June 12th, next, even bigger and better if possible.

Mrs. Mary Pierce Gone

MRS. MARY PIERCE, one of Rock Springs' pioneer mothers, has passed on, at the age of seventy-two years, after an extended illness. She underwent an operation at Wyoming General Hospital and, while at first the operation seemed to have been successful, her advanced age was against a complete recovery and she sank.



Mrs. Mary Pierce, loved old timer, dies at age of 72.

Mrs. Pierce was born in Quebec, Canada, in 1854 and came to Taitsville, Missouri, when she was just a child. She married James Morton in Missouri and was the mother of Al. G. Morton, sheriff of Sweetwater County.

Later she married Frank Pierce who was, when he died in 1912, Outside Foreman at No. 8 Mine, Rock Springs, and who will be remembered by all the Old Timers as one of the

very early employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Known and loved throughout the County, the death of Mrs. Pierce brought a sadness to the community.

Funeral services were in charge of the Order of the Eastern Star and were held from the Masonic Temple with Reverend Emmet Abraham officiating.

Pallbearers were Charles Outsen, John L. Dykes, William Golliher, Judge D. G. Thomas, Bob Muir and Elmer Moffitt, all friends of the deceased and her husband in the early days.

Our Nine Retired Old Chinamen Called Wyoming Missionaries to China

WE are indebted to the Editor of "The Cheyenne Tribune" for the following editorial comment on the sending of our nine old Chinamen back to their homes in China:

"A WYOMING MISSION TO CHINA"

"Emissaries of Soviet Russia are industriously disseminating in China insidious propaganda designed to instill distrust of China's best friend in international affairs—America.

"In such a situation it is romantically interesting that Wyoming, so remote from China, and in the political consciousness of which China is so remote, has supplied a little force counteractant in some measure of the sinister machinations of the soviet enemies of society as it is constituted in the United States.

(Please turn to page 97)

Old Time Tales and Reminiscences of the Early West

By Joseph Walton

The Cripple Creek District in the Old Days.

This story by Joseph Walton about the very early beginnings of the gold rush into the Cripple Creek District and the old days in its tent city, is particularly interesting just now in view of the recent developments and activity in this famous old district.

THE town of Cripple Creek is located thirty miles north of Canon City and was at one time one of the best gold mining camps in the United States.

About the year 1879 there was considerable excitement over the gold rumors concerning Mt. Pisga. In 1880 I started there with my burrows. I had gone as far as Florence when I met some friends (Tom Griffith and Bill Smith) coming back from the rush. We were then about seven miles from the gold strike. Bill and Tom told me that the place which had caused all the excitement had been salted, so I turned back with them.

In 1889 hearing of some excitement on Cripple Creek, at the mouth of Squaw Gulch, where Mound City now stands, Sandy Wilson and I decided to see the cause of the excitement, so we packed our burros and started for the Gulch. Arriving at the Gulch, we became acquainted with Dick Honton, who had been panning gold, or pretending he had, for he wouldn't pan while we were there. Leaving Dick we went on up the Gulch, knowing if there was gold in the sands of the Gulch it would be on bed rock. After trying in many places and finding only a few colors, we came to the conclusion that it was a mistake, and going to the head of the Gulch and over the hills to where the town of Cripple Creek now stands, we found a thriving tent town. The hotel, saloon, dance halls, homes and rooming houses were all tents. The rooming house was a lot of tents butted together, making one large building. It was furnished with cots, but no bedding. However, as a number of wood fires were kept burning, we were comfortable and had a good sleep.

After breakfast we started up the west side of Bull Hill. The first and only opening was an open cut, and a man by the name of Sam McDonald was working the stake (Gold King). We looked at the stuff he was throwing out but it did not look like gold bearing rock to us. I asked him if he had tried any of the stuff and he said, "No" that he was trying to cut a vein he had traced. He was the only man we saw on that side of the hill who was working on a system. Gold King never amounted to anything. Going on over the hill we came to a small camp called Altman. This was on the east side of Bull Hill. We looked over this side and took some samples of two veins, but could find no trace of gold. We then went to the south side near the place where Victor now stands. This is the side the Portland is on. There was no Portland or Independence then, only one man near the foot of the mountain had a prospect. He called it the Mattie May. We went about one mile down Wilson Creek and camped for the night. The next day we looked over the Saddle Mountain and finally arrived at Burro's Roost. Two fellows had a prospect there which looked as good as anything we had seen, so we staked claims there and did some work. This ended my first visit to the Cripple Creek District. The excitement kept up, and in a short time a stage line had started from Canon City. It went part way by coach and then changed to horseback. This was before the toll road was built.

Later on one hundred and six of us decided to send Sandy up to again look it over. In about four weeks Sandy came back and informed us he had staked the Burns and the Blue Bell, one on either side of Squaw Gulch. He wanted me to go back with him so we started early, driving a team of bronchos as far as North Millsap, then riding over the mountain and landing near Burro's Roost, where we had staked our first claims. We stayed there over night. There were eight others in that little cabin. We were like sardines in a tin, but as it was dark and snowing hard we made room for all, and in spite of the closeness, were comfortable. By this time the Cripple Creek was known all over Colorado and people were coming in from all sides. Some came by way of Colorado Springs, others by way of Canon City and still others by way of Florence. After breakfast we started towards Cripple Creek and sampled every lead or vein that we saw. To sample it we took some of the vein matter, pounded it up as fine as possible and poured it. We did not find what we wanted and at night we stopped at a cattle ranch on Wilson Creek. It is now known as Florence, named for the man who was living on the ranch where we stopped for the night. It is about one mile from where Victor now stands.

The next morning we started on our day's hunt for gold. We went through the country where Victor now is. There was nothing there at that time. It will be remembered that the Portland and the Strong, the Goldcoin and Independence, in fact all of Winfield Straton's mine and mill holdings are at Victor. I wish to state that Mr. Straton was a very good man. I know of a great many kind acts that Mr. Straton did. Whatever faults he may have had, unkindness was not one of them.

We could not find what we wanted on the Victor side of the Mountain, so we walked over the richest ground in the district. The gold was in the yellow clay and later spoken of as rusty gold. We were not the only ones who were fooled. We went over the hill or mountain and found a number of claims staked, the Blue Bird, the Trail, the Moose, but no work had been done on any of them. Then we came to the Mary McKine. By this time we were nearing our old claims, the Burns, Colodonia and Bluebell, all of which were tributary to Squaw Gulch or Mound City and Anaconda. We continued on our way to the town of Cripple Creek and this time found a real mining camp. The saw and hammer were going full blast. Gambling halls, saloons, dance halls and everything that goes to make up a real mining camp. I don't know of anything that was not there. John Pennington, whom we knew, was running a hotel which was part tent and part frame. We stayed there and toured the town. Going into a gambling house and saloon, we met Johnnie Noland, and after becoming acquainted with him, we found him a sociable sort of fellow, although he was eccentric and wore a straw hat with the crown out in the winter time. He conducted us through the saloon and when someone asked the limit he pointed to the ceiling which was nearly 12 ft. high. This house was built of canvas and painted red and striped to make it look like brick. He was sure doing business. We took in the balance of the town and met many men we knew. They seemed to think we had lots of money as we were hit quite often for a meal ticket, so we decided it would be cheaper to go to our rooms and to bed. In our room I asked Sandy if he had learned where these men were working, but he had not. I had asked many of the men what mines there were that were causing all the excitement and they said in Squaw Gulch. When I asked the names, they said, "The Burns and Bluebell were very rich." Now you should have seen me swell, although I knew that so far both of these mines had been nothing but an expense and not one dollar had been taken out. I went to sleep and dreamed of my wealth.

(Continued from page 95)

"This little force, infinitesimal in contemplation of China's teeming millions but nevertheless existent and working, is the message concerning American consideration, good will and generosity which has been carried to China by nine aged Chinese miners recently sent 'home' by The Union Pacific Coal Company. The effects of a good deed oftentimes reach astonishingly, even astoundingly, far. The return of these old Chinese to their native land was a notable good deed.

"These nine Chinese came to America when they were in the prime of life. They found employment in the coal mines at Rock Springs. There they labored faithfully, giving an adequate day's work for a day's wage, year after year until the span of a generation had come and gone and they were old and no longer fit for the toil. The average of their service records in the Union Pacific company's employ was 34 years.

"These old men—worn out, feeble, their life courses all but run—yearned to return to the country of their nativity. Too impecunious to gratify this compelling desire, they were unhappy, miserable.

"A corporation, runs the platitudinous dictum, has no soul. But every corporation is the agency of creatures endowed with souls and, therefore, is reflective of soulfulness. The corporation which these Chinese so long had served so faithfully felt compassion for them and generously provided means sufficient to enable them not only to return to China, but to maintain them there in comfort for the remainder of their days.

"They left Wyoming early in November, pathetically pleased, profoundly grateful. They were honored before departure with a dinner attended by their neighbors, friends, associates in labor, representatives of their employer, who spoke feelingly of their esteem of the guests whom they were delighted so to honor. By this time they have arrived in China—disturbed, distressed, unhappy China, the people of which bitter experience has beset with doubts and fears concerning other peoples and upon whom sinister foreign forces are preying through appeal to their doubts and fears. They will give testimony, these nine returned travelers, concerning the spirit of Americans—a spirit so generously considerate of others that it took cognizance of the distress of nine aged Chinese and spared neither pains nor expense that there might be gratification of the yearning of one even so humble as these.

"That is the message of these 'missionaries' from Wyoming to the Chinese—a warming message of kindness, generosity, fraternity. Only nine weak voices—the voices of grateful old men—testifying amid the clamor of four hundreds of millions of the distraught and distrustful, but some will hear and repeat, will repeat and others will hear. Who may say how far that message may be spread, how potent it may be."

(Continued from page 92)

and a hind-quarter to the other, leaving the rest of the meat to be gotten the next day, and started for the ranch—only about five miles away. After losing the trail and wandering around through the timber and windfalls, we finally got in at 11:30 P. M.

We went after the rest of the meat the next day and then, since it had started to rain and snow, we called our hunt over and I left for Rock Springs, promising my good friend that I would return next year for another hunt, possibly for mountain sheep.

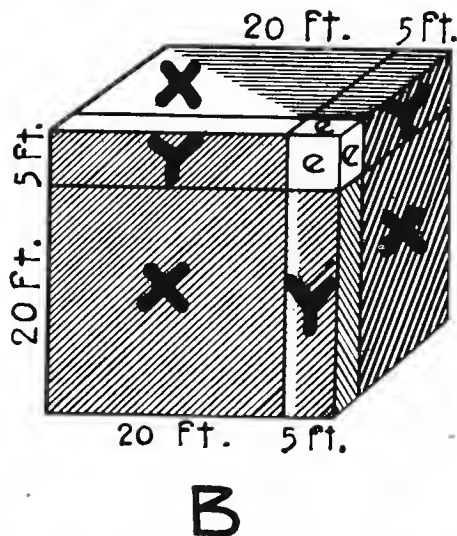
I had a rug made of the pelt with a full head mount. It adorns the floor of our living room—my choicest possession.

(Continued from page 90)

We square the root already found, which in reality, as there is to be another figure in the root, is 20, then multiplying its square, 400, by 3, we write the product on the left of the new dividend for a trial divisor, and finding it is contained in the dividend 5 times, place the 5 in the root.

We next multiply 20, the root already found, by 5, the last root figure; then multiply this product by 3 and write it under the divisor. We also write the square of 5, the last figure placed in the root, under the divisor, add these three results together, multiply their sum, 1525, by 5, and subtract the product from the dividend, and finding no remainder, the answer is 25 feet.

Graphic illustration of previous example:



Let the accompanying diagram "B" represent a set of cubical blocks. Let the cube 20, the tens of the root, be represented by the large cube at the back. The remainder, 7625, is to be added equally to three adjacent sides of this cube. To ascertain the thickness of these side additions, we form a trial divisor by squaring 2, the first figure of the root, with a cipher annexed, for the area of one side of this cube, and multiply this square by 3 for the three side additions. Now $20^2 = 20 \times 20 = 400$; and $400 \times 3 = 1200$, the trial divisor. Dividing $7625 \div 1200$, the quotient 5, shows that the side additions are to be 5 feet thick, and is placed on the right for the units figure of the root.

To represent these additions (see diagram "B") place the corresponding layers marked X on the top, front and right of the large cube. But we discover three vacancies along the edges of the large cube, each of which is 20 feet long, 5 feet wide and 5 feet thick. Filling these vacancies with the corresponding rectangular blocks, marked "Y," we discover another vacancy at the junction of the corners, just filled, whose length, breadth and thickness are each 5 feet. This is filled by the small cube marked "(e)."

To complete the trial divisor, we add the area of one side of each of the corner additions "Y", namely $20 \times 5 \times 3$ or 300 square feet, also the area of one side of the small cube "(e)" 5×5 or 25 square feet. Now $1200 + 300 + 25 = 1525$. The divisor is now composed of the area of 3 sides of the large cube, plus the area of one side of each of the corner additions, plus the area of one side of the small cube, and is complete.

To ascertain the contents of the several additions, we multiply the divisor thus completed by 5, the last figure of the root, and $1525 \times 5 = 7625$, and subtracting the product from the dividend, nothing remains.

The Rhyme of the Restless Rover

The attached rhyme by John T. McCutcheon of "The Chicago Tribune" was handed to us by Mr. S. W. Farnham, Mining Engineer, whose work has taken him to many of the places mentioned therein; this gentleman's last foreign detail taking him through the Coal Mining Districts of Russia. While the great majority of us will, like the aged Frenchman, "never see Carcassonne," which was but sixteen leagues from where he born, there is something intriguing about McCutcheon's jingle.

I SIT at my desk in the fading light
Of a shivery, wintry day,
And think of the places I'd like to go
If I only could get away.

It might take more than a couple of weeks
For such an extensive tour,
For some of the places are far away,
And connectious might be poor.

I'd leave a call for seven o'clock;
I'd sleep with my clothing on;
I'd do my packing the night before
And start in the cool of the dawn.

I'd then go aboard of a clipper ship
Engaged in the China trade,
And we'd clear the bar by the morning star
As soon as the anchor's weighed.

I'd tell the skipper the course to set,
He'd pipe all hands aloft,
And away we'd go for Borneo,
Lunching at Tranby Croft.

Perhaps I'd dock at the Incheape Roek—
Perhaps at the Farallones—
We'd raise Luzon in the rosy dawn,
While the lazy trade wind drones.

I'd dance to the tune of the rigadoon,
And if the canvas fills
We'd eat our tiffin at Annandale,
In the shade of the Simla Hills.

The Persian Gardens at Ispahan,
The Reef of Norman's Woe,
Sierra Leone, and San Antone
Are places where I would go.

I'd steer a canoe in the Great Karroo,
And rollie in Bantry Bay;
By the golden moon, from old Rangoon,
I'd journey to Mandalay.

And Malabar Hill is not too far
If you go by the Andaman Isles;
I'd sniff the breezes in the Celebes,
Where the Indian Ocean smiles.

Van Diemen's Land and Samarcand,
St. Albans and Singapore—
You may easily reach on Roekaway Beach
From Bingen to Bangalore.

For it's always fair off Finisterre,
On the way to the Barbadoes;
And it's not too far to Kandahar,
If a steady monsoon blows.

Through creamy seas and sparkling skies
I'd follow the Spanish Main;
I'd touch Stamboul and Stanley Pool,
If it didn't begin to rain.

It's never too late to pull your freight
For Rio and Argentine;
With a fav'ring breeze off the Hebrides,
You can dock at the Engadine.

The Barbary Coast I like the most,
But the Ivory Coast is fine;
I'd shed my cares in the Aberdares
And dine on the Brandywine.

We'd heave the lead at Diamond Head,
And if the holding's good,
We'd visit the shore "to look them o'er,"
As all good sailors should.

We'd drop the hook in the Zuyder Zee,
We'd touch at the Cameroons,
We'd drink a toast on the Congo Coast
To the Inniskilleu Dragoons.

Mashonaland and Yucatan,
Cashmir and the Hindu Kush,
Are places that I should surely go
To escape the tourist rush.

The Friendly Isles and Tonga Land,
Bagdad and the River Plate,
Cockburn Land and the Rio Grande,
Gaboos and the Golden Gate.

The Orkney Isles and Lockerbie Street,
Peshawur and Mozambique,
While Far Cathay and the Hudson Bay
I'd view from the mizzen peak.

Grundelwald and Brandenburg,
Savanna and Ootacamund,
Connemara and London Town,
Bombay and the Shanghai Bund.

Zanzibar and the Chilkoot Pass,
Glengary and Broken Hill,
The Ballyshanon and County Clare,
Calgary and Bougainville.

I'd stop in Lapland—it sounds to me
Like a friendly sort of a place;
I'd study the moon with Lorna Doone—
Dining at Chevy Chase.

Majorea, Malacca, and Malvern Hill,
Manila, and Fuji San,
The County Tyrone and the Arctic Zone,
Carnarvon and Turkestan.

The Isle of Pines and the Dardanelles,
Kowloon and the Caspian Sea,
Cawnpore, Cracow, and the Khyber Pass,
Crimea and Kimberley.

We'd follow the tide on the Hongkong-side—
I'd go out on the Bubbling Well Road;
I'd go chop-chop to a curio shop
Which I know in the Queen's High Road.

I'd look at the glass in Imoon Pass,
And if the weather is fine,
We'll steer for Delhi and Bounie Dundee
By way of the River Rhine.

Delagoa, Samoa, and Shenandoah
Are names that please the ear;
Victoria Nyanza strikes my fancy,
Ad so does Monastir.

Ping Yang, Hankow, and Hyderabad,
Lucknow and the fair Touraine,
The Caribbean and far Kashgar
Are places I'd visit again.

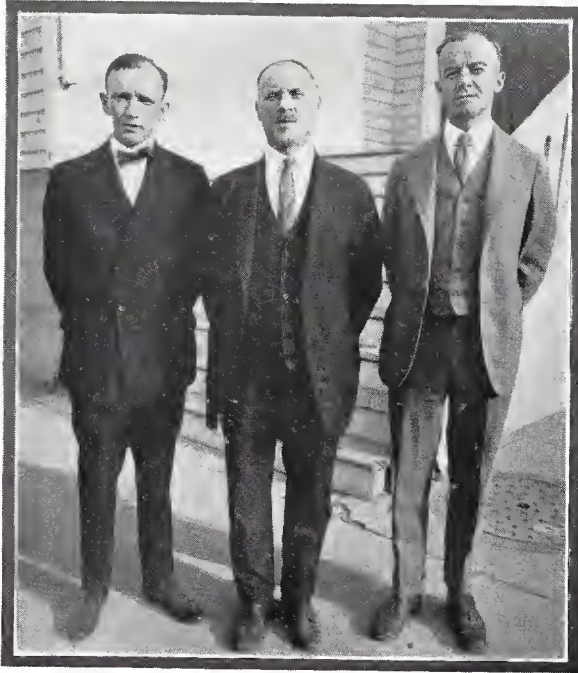
Wind River, the Tana, the Yangste-Kiang,
And the Plains of Abraham;
Siberia, India, Amazon, Oude,
Benares and Bethlehem.

Atilles, Azores, Loch Lomond, and Rome,
Indiana and Tennessee,
The River Rhone and the Frigid Zone
Are spots that appeal to me.

(Please turn to page 102)

The Rock Springs Labor Institute Starts New Term

THE spring term of the Rock Springs' Labor Institute, conducted under the auspices of the Central Trades and Labor Council, opened on Friday evening, February 26th, with renewed enthusiasm and several new features calculated to increase the interest and attendance.



Labor Institute Faculty.

Reverend Roy Burt, Instructor; Fred Cousins President of the Institute, and Leslie J. Miller, Instructor.

During the term just closed classes were taught by Leslie J. Miller of the Rock Springs High School, Reverend Roy Burt, Adrian Reynolds and Reverend E. C. Anderson.

Fred Cousins is the President, and James Boyd the Secretary of the Institute, and President Cousins, announcing the new term, states that registrations may still be made for it.

(Continued from page 93)

Heat is provided by the boiler plant in an independent entrance, fireproof, basement—the boilers being adequate to heat the building during the coldest weather. The system of heating is low pressure vapor, with Hoffman specialties and direct radiation.

The ventilating system consists of two 48 inch revolving roof ventilators and separate gravity ducts with a sliding door regulation at the floor line of all class rooms. Steam pipes are placed in these ducts to produce a strong up-draft for removal of foul air. Fresh air can be taken in by means of the box base radiators in a tempered condition, from the halls where extra radiation has been placed to remove the chill from large quantities of air, or by means of the Hauser sash windows. Summer ventilation is provided by the special exterior sash and the interior hall lighting windows above the blackboards, which when opened produce cross ventilation.

A complete sanitary plumbing system is furnished, having the best modern fixtures, in rooms that are well lighted and ventilated. A hot water heater in the furnace room gives hot and cold water at all lavatories. Four bubbling fountains, of pedestal type, are

placed in the halls for drinking purposes. Slop sinks with hot and cold water connections are provided in the janitor's closets. The sewerage receives a slow septic tank treatment before final disposal in a dry wash a thousand feet away.

Fire safety is provided by means of a stand pipe in the halls with complete fire equipment on either floor. There are also exits and an iron stairway at the rear of the building, which in connection with inner communicating doors, which cannot be locked, and the outside entrances, makes fire trapping impossible. All outside doors may be locked from outside entrance, but are provided with locks that do not lock for exit, which insures against the danger of locking children in the building.

At present three rooms on the lower floor are not entirely finished. These may be used for play rooms during inclement weather now, and will provide space for future expansion.

(Continued from page 85)

ine types of explosives in consequence of an insufficient supply of oxygen or an excess of carbon in the explosive. CO is inflammable and when mixed with air becomes explosive. It is more readily ignited and requires less heat than fire damp CH₄. We cannot emphasize too strongly the danger from the use of excessive charges of powder. This practice has led to a number of very serious accidents. It has a great tendency to pass a flame. The pressure is expended on the atmosphere, thereby suspending the coal dust in the air and the inflammable carbon monoxide produced becomes ignited, mixes with the air and carries the flame to other parts of the mine where accumulations of gas may be fired. When it was found that a blow or shock would explode nitro-glycerine, the manufacturers of mining explosives experimented until they finally produced what we now know as detonators or caps. These caps are made up of 75% fulminates of mercury which is really the most sensitive and dangerous thing the miner uses. Fulminates of mercury explodes when heated slowly to 305° F. but is very sensitive when wet. Many authorities advise the strongest caps for mine work. Proper care in the handling of and storage of these detonators is a serious problem. As we all know, for some unaccountable reason sometimes a cap refuses to explode and sometimes explodes without detonating the cartridge. Many reasons are advanced for the probable causes of this, mainly that the variation of temperature has something to do with it and that mis-shots are often due to the chilling of the explosive after it is taken from the magazine. Hence, our State Mining Laws govern the supply of explosives that may be taken into the mine. It is true that the kind of mine explosives best suited for blasting coal can be ascertained only from practice, and I believe the experienced miner is the best judge, but I also believe that most coal miners would do well to study and obtain a clearer understanding of the explosives which he is compelled to handle and use day after day and who, we must confess, is often very careless about how he uses them.

Alfred B. Nobel gave to the world, when he discovered dynamite, a commodity that certainly has helped greatly to make civilization what it is today. When he died on December 10th, 1896, he left a huge fortune of \$10,000,000.00, the interest thereon constituting a fund out of which certain prizes should be awarded each year. There are five in number and valued at about \$35,000.00 each. They are awarded to the men who make the greatest discoveries in, first, Physics, second, Chemistry, third, Medicine or Physiology, fourth to the author who shall have produced the most distinguished literary work, fifth, to the man who shall have done the most to promote peace throughout the world. In Nobel prizes remains as a living testimonial to the memory of one of the greatest men of the last century. It can be truly said that he helped to "Make it Safe."

Wide Awake

BUSINESS men do not shut their eyes to conditions that vitally affect their business.

Miners who earn their living by mining coal are business men. The mining of coal is their business. Their livelihood and that of their families depends on the mines working. The mines can only work so long as the coal can be sold.

We are not taking sides against the Union. We have always contended that workmen have a right to organize to improve their condition. We know that the workmen in our mines want to improve their condition and to make life better for their families than they themselves have had it.

There is always the question, "What are conditions in our industry?" And, "Are we really getting our share of the business?"

The January 21st issue of Coal Age prints a chart purporting to show the tonnage of bituminous coal produced in Union districts and that produced in non-Union districts, in the United States for the years 1918 and 1925.

These figures, it is said, are made up from the weekly production statistics which the United States Geological Survey issues.

We are printing this table of figures without further comment except to say that if they are even half way truly representative of conditions (and we have no reason to believe that they are not altogether accurate) then the miners and operators in the Union districts must be wide awake and take advantage of every opportunity to save their markets. It may be that coal loading machinery will help to save the day. They are already working successfully in the non-Union fields. It is certain that co-operation and loyalty to our mutual interests is of first importance.

Union-Controlled Tonnage at Peak of Power Compared with Union Output in 1925 and Non-Union Potentialities in 1926.
(Figures in Net Tons)

	1918*		1925†		1926‡ Potential Non-Union Output
	Union	Non-Union	Union	Non-Union	
Alabama	9,241,000	10,011,000	21,238,000	27,500,000
Arkansas	2,227,000	450,000	965,000	2,028,000
Colorado	6,824,000	5,584,000	10,157,000	13,936,000
Illinois	89,291,000	68,997,000
Indiana	30,679,000	22,074,000	50,000
Iowa	8,192,000	4,818,000
Kansas	7,562,000	4,105,000
Kentucky	18,065,000	13,548,000	52,906,000	69,886,000
Maryland	4,282,000	215,000	2,085,000	3,068,000
Michigan	1,465,000	735,000
Missouri	5,611,000	17,000	3,058,000
Montana	4,079,000	454,000	2,670,000
New Mexico	603,000	3,420,000	2,484,000	3,120,000
North Dakota	216,000	504,000	1,110,000	1,976,000
Ohio	46,055,000	31,382,000	230,000	500,000
Oklahoma	4,813,000	140,000	2,525,000	3,640,000
Pennsylvania	109,029,000	69,522,000	23,082,000	104,939,000	131,060,000
Tennessee	6,831,000	5,866,000	8,060,000
Texas	1,131,000	1,130,000	879,000	1,092,000
Utah	5,137,000	4,624,000	5,980,000
Virginia	723,000	8,318,000	12,274,000	14,716,000
Washington	4,082,000	1,216,000	1,216,000	1,830,000
West Virginia	44,386,000	45,550,000	4,334,000	125,797,000	161,980,000
Wyoming	9,438,000	6,951,000
Total	414,845,000	163,410,000	174,012,000	349,345,000	449,280,000
Union Percentage .	71.7		33.2		

*Division between union and non-union tonnage based on areas affected by general strike of 1919.

†Total tonnage estimated from weekly coal production figures.

‡The estimates in this column were fixed by multiplying by 52 the maximum weekly production of each state during the recent months of 1925.

—From "Yours and Mine," published by Southern Coal, Coke and Mining Company.



Edward A. Steiner

"Thank God for the Christ
Thank God for America
Thank God for Humanity."

EDWARD A. STEINER, in his book "From Alien to Citizen," which is really his autobiography, says that when the end comes for him he will say the words quoted above with his last breath. And perhaps this remarkable man, who has been called for many years "the friend of the immigrant," is most noted for his burning love for America, his adopted country, which has opened for him so large a door. But, thinking of him, one is most impressed with the fact that here is an exemplification of the truth expressed in the old command to "cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to thee after many days." Many Americans were kind to this young immigrant and surely this "bread—cast on the waters" has returned to help America to a better understanding of her new citizens through Steiner's large understanding of them and his intelligent and sympathetic interpretations of them. I heard Steiner speak some years ago. I recall little of what he said, but I can remember the feeling I had that here was a man with a message so real, so sincere that it absorbed him and all selfish interest.

Born of the stern reality of personal experience is his interest in the immigrant. He himself came through hunger, homelessness and loneliness and the pangs of real poverty in his experience from "alien to citizen" and from his birthplace in Austria to the position he now holds as professor of "Applied Christianity" in Grinnell College, Iowa.

The story of his experiences is an interesting one. His boyish longing to get to America was fulfilled because of the threat of one of his countrymen to reveal to the Hungarian government the awful fact that he had been guilty of sympathizing with, and aiding the oppressed Slovaks. Edward's mother was informed that for a certain sum of money his offense would be kept a secret until the youth was safe across the border and on his way to America. Needless to say, his poor mother felt that she must part from him and was eager to get him out of danger.

To him as to others, the entrance into this land was a rapture, for he felt he had come to the "magic, holy country." He says that because he has felt this rapture, he has gone back and forth and would like to go on, interpreting America to her new citizenry, as well as the foreign-born to the native-born American. He has had many hard experiences but seems to have lost none of his enthusiasm because of them. He tells about his first day in New York. His money was all used the very first day and the morning brought the necessity of finding work at once. All day he walked the streets looking for something to do, and all day he had nothing to eat. Fortunately at evening time he remembered that his mother had given him the name of a distant relative who lived in the city. It was eighty blocks away and he had to walk the whole distance. He was entertained here and in a few days obtained work as a presser of coats. He earned for his week's work the sum of \$3.50. He was eager to learn the English language so he began attending the English classes at the Cooper Union. Then he got a job as a cutter in a clothing shop at \$7.00 a week which, however, since it was the slack season, lasted only six weeks. He determined to leave New York and started

for Jersey City. He obtained work on a small eastern farm, doing chores. He found the work hard but Maria, the housekeeper, gave him some of his employer's books to read. He tells about reading Shakespeare, Emerson and J. G. Holland here, a joy to his (in his own country) University-trained mind. But he really didn't know how to do farm chores and was discharged after an unsuccessful attempt to substitute for the cook. Next he drifted to Pittsburgh and obtained work in a steel mill. This was a bitter time for him, not so much because of the hard labor and small wage, but because of his utter isolation. He felt that no one had faith in him or his kind, for immigrants were regarded simply as "cattle." Just because he was a foreigner he found it impossible to get a bath anywhere, for the boarding house did not provide one and he found it impossible to purchase one in any decent place.

In the spring, the steel mills were closed and Steiner walked to Connellsville among a maze of railroad tracks. It was very late at night when he reached there and in attempting to get out of the way of a switching train, he slid down an embankment and literally fell into a house where an old woman was washing clothes. With hands dripping with soap suds, she lifted him to his feet and, not waiting to hear his story, brought him hot food, the first he'd had that day. The son-in-law of this home engaged him to be his helper in a coal mine at a dollar a day. Every evening his boss took him to the saloon where he drank at Steiner's expense. In the third week of his being there a strike occurred, resulting in his being beaten and left insensible. When he came to consciousness, he found himself in a jail crowded with strikers and strike breakers. He was miserable and spent more than six weeks there. His letters to the Austro-Hungarian Consul were unanswered. He was sentenced to three months in jail with a fine of \$100. For more than six months he had to work out his fine. He went to Chicago and from there to the harvest fields of Minnesota. There he found real enjoyment in the outdoor life and under an employer who was a typical American with a good education. He lived in the home where he had a clean, orderly room, good food, the companionship of the farmer's children and shared the family prayer before retiring. "Out in the glory of God's fields he forgot his wrongs and his sufferings, and something of faith and hope" came back to him. Here, too, he was able to get books from a public library and he reveled in Carlyle and Ruskin. When the fall work was done on the farm, he was homeless once more. He went to the mining fields of Illinois, joining a party of Slovaks with whom he had crossed the ocean. They were a superior class of men, all of them teachable. Mr. Steiner started English classes among them, wrote their letters and helped them with their shopping.

He went east again, working his way on a cattle train. On the train an Irish lad who was a professional cattle man and resented the intrusion of an amateur, stole a twenty dollar gold piece from Mr. Steiner, who threatened to have him arrested when they reached their destination. The lad was anxious to prevent Steiner doing this and tripped him as he was running along the top of the train to reach his own car of cattle. He fell to the ground while the train rushed on. His leg was twisted and it was with great difficulty that he managed to limp to a little town where a Jewish woman took him into her home and nursed him. She procured him a clerical position, and once again he was in touch with persons of culture with whom he formed invaluable friendships. Among these was a clergyman, the Christian atmosphere of whose home captivated Steiner. Together they organized a public reading room, at the opening of which he made his first address in English. Here also he began his work for the immigrant. Many suggestions for his education were made by his friends. At one time while he was assisting a minister he brought so many poor and needy to the church that

the congregation objected strenuously and the minister felt compelled to stop him. Just then he met a Jew of wealth and culture who offered him all the financial assistance he needed to enable him to go to the seminary at Oberlin, Ohio. Here he became an American citizen. He had previously been converted to Christianity and went out from Oberlin to accept a call as minister to a small church. His parishioners were wage earners of several races. He tells one incident about a baptism which is so like a recent most successful drama-comedy that one might imagine he had assisted the playwright—or else that “all the world’s a stage”—and that the drama which is a success does always portray the things that do happen. He tells that at the baptism of a baby of Irish-Jewish parentage relatives on both sides claimed the privilege of naming the child and had decided on Patrick and Moses respectively. A conflict seemed to be imminent but Mr. Steiner suggested naming the child with one syllable from each name. This suited both factions and the name given was Patmos—which might seem to relate it to Greece!

Two churches were served by Steiner and then he was sent to Europe to write the life of Tolstoy. While there he received a call to the professorship at Grinnell College, which he still fills—that of “Applied Christianity” which most surely has a practical sound.

Time Killers and Expert Buck Passers

THERE are many hard-working, conscientious government employes in Washington. They, however, like their work and then do not worry about their hours. The “New York Times” of February 7th records a “passage at arms” between two gentlemen that is at least informative. Here it is:

“Davey” Calls Government Clerks Loafers, Time-Killers and Expert Buck-Passers

“The average Government clerk in Washington is a ‘loafer, time-killer and buck-passer,’ in the opinion of Representative Martin L. Davey of Ohio, given in a letter just written to Thomas J. Donnelly of Columbus, Secretary of the Ohio State Federation of Labor. The Federation is interested in the welfare of Federal employes and recently endorsed the recommendation of the American Federation of Labor for overtime pay for Government employes working on Sundays and holidays.

“Outside of letter carriers and clerks and those directly concerned with the handling of the mails,” Mr. Davey declared in acknowledging receipt of the Ohio resolutions from Mr. Donnelly, ‘the civilian employes of the United States Government include the largest number of loafers, time-killers and buck-passers that I have ever seen brought together under one banner.

“I do not know how much personal knowledge you may have concerning the work, or alleged work, or working conditions of civilian employes of the Federal Government, but here are some facts:

“They report for duty at 9 in the morning and leave at 4:30, with a half hour for lunch, although most of them take considerably more. This represents a maximum of seven hours per day. In addition to these short working hours, they have Saturday afternoons off during the Summer, and all other times when there is an excuse to close the departments. In addition to this, they have thirty days’ vacation and thirty days’ sick leave, not counting Sundays or holidays. So that the average civilian employe puts in less than ten months per year.

“The existing conditions are a tragic perversion of the spirit and purpose of Government. We

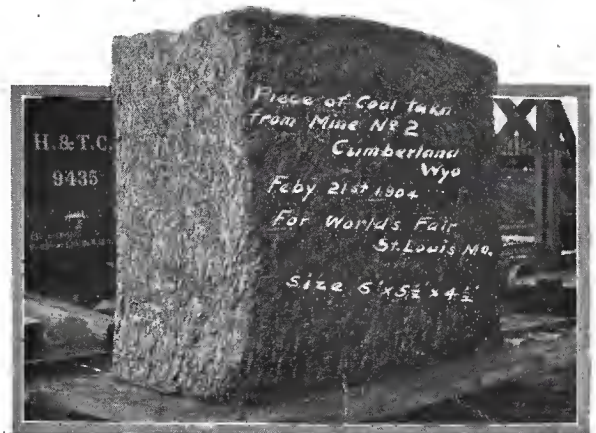
should get rid of 100,000 or more of the tax-eating drones, coordinate the various activities of the Government, eliminate senseless duplication of effort or alleged effort, and establish a reasonable basis of work and service.’ ”

The fact remains that government work does sap the energy and initiative of most men and women, and with one adult out of ten receiving pay from Village, City, State or Federal Government, the question as to what class and measure of service is received therefrom is of common interest.

Cumberland Coal at World’s Fair in 1904

A WAY back in 1904, Cumberland had the habit of winning prizes. Constant repetition would seem to have fixed the habit.

In 1904, when James Needham, now with the Republic Coal Company of Chicago, Illinois, was Mine Superintendent and Mr. F. L. McCarty was Outside Foreman, Cumberland sent an exhibit of coal to the World’s Fair in St. Louis.



This would keep you warm for awhile. Six tons of coal in one piece from No. 2 Mine, Cumberland, sent to World’s Fair, St. Louis, in 1904.

—(Picture by courtesy of Mr. Joe Clark, now of Rock Springs, who was Hoisting Engineer when the coal was mined.)

The exhibit was a solid block of coal, weighing about six tons and requiring a great deal of work to mine, transport to the surface and later to St. Louis.

The Union Pacific Coal Company was awarded a silver medal for the exhibit.

The Rhyme of the Restless Rover

(Continued from page 98)

I’d finish the cruise at Newport News,
I’d wish no longer to roam.
I’d settle down for a couple of weeks
Contentedly at home.

Now such a trip, I honestly think,
Would benefit any man;
He’d put more force in his work, of course,
And have a beautiful tan.

—By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

A Little Contribution on Benjamin Franklin

By Lewis H. Brown, President, Wyoming Senate

"If you would know the value of money, try to borrow some."

"If you would have your business done, go, if not send."

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

The above quotations are from "Poor Richard's Almanac" and "Poor Richard's Almanac" was from the hand of Benjamin Franklin.

Born 1706, American diplomat, statesman and scientist, Franklin's head was chock full of what has not greatly increased since his day, in fact something that quantity production has never discovered, to-wit, "common sense;" incidentally, sense is not common; it is very rare.

Quoting from "Poor Richard's Almanac:" "Friends, and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, four times as much by our FOLLY, and ten times as much by our EXTRA VAGENCE."

"Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets put out the kitchen fire."

"Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom."

"When the well is dry, they know the worth of water."

(The following is suggested to be printed on all promissory notes) "Creditors have better memories than debtors."

To the farmer he said, "He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive."

For the special benefit of bargain hunters—"At a great penny-worth, pause awhile; many are ruined by buying bargains."

For all of us: "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

"Foolish men make feasts, and wise men eat them."

"Diligence is the mother of good luck."

Speaking of the boy Franklin, an author says: "And, as the boy wasn't very religious or very fond of work, his father and mother decided that there were only two courses open to him: the mother proposed that he be made a preacher, but his father said, 'Send him to sea.' As might be expected he became an EDITOR."

It is said the Franklin family had seventeen children, on which Elbert Hubbard remarks: "Science has explained many things, but it has not told why it sometimes happens that when seventeen eggs are hatched, the brood will consist of sixteen barnyard fowls and one eagle; Benjamin Franklin was the eagle of his family, and in his day the eagle of America."

The same author, Elbert Hubbard, speaking of Benjamin Franklin's wife says: "She set herself to help her husband in every way possible, and, so far as I know, never signed for one of those things you call 'a career'."

Franklin died in 1790, aged 84 years and 3 months, and is said to have written his own epitaph, which was until recently kept hidden in the collection of a Chicago business man after its discovery about twenty years ago. This epitaph was published in the February issue of the *Employees' Magazine*.

From Here and There

Frost in Frenzied Florida

It is freezing in Florida. We may express the hope that it will be a hard enough frost so that the buyers can walk over the ice to see their subdivision lots.

—Fort William Times-Journal.

The Result of a Misfit

There doesn't seem to be any way to fix a divorcee suit so it won't show the seamy side.

—Duluth Herald.

Immeasurably Better, Indeed

The Kaiser is to be given about seven million dollars in cash, one hundred and eighty thousand acres of farm land and a handful of palaces as compensation for losing the throne. Which we should say is immeasurably better than being hanged.

—Halifax Herald.

A Case of Shelling Out

In Armenia, we read, eggs pass for money. The next thing to know is how one makes change for an egg in Armenia.

—Winnipeg Free Press.

Some Will Sign Anything

It has passed into a sort of a popular platitude that a plausible propagandist can secure almost any number of signatures to almost any kind of public petition. When it comes to signing petitions, persons of high and low degree alike seem to be as "easy marks" as those who figure in the "sucker" lists of get-rich-quick enterprises.

—Portland Oregonian.

Weight at a Crossing

To such reckless persons as are planning to race the train to the crossing the words of a Great Northern railroad official might prove of interest: "A train," says he, "is approximately 1,650 times as heavy as the average automobile."

—Detroit Free Press.

Retaliating on the Baby

Sir Harry E. Brucewell, the London child specialist, says that it is wrong to keep quiet while the baby is asleep. The baby, he explains, ought to be allowed to get used to noises. That is the position taken by the baby in the night toward the family.

—Minneapolis Journal.

The Editor's Moment of Depression

We have our moments of depression when we wish the most effective step ever taken to enforce Prohibition would be taken, instead of being just about to be taken, according to the paper every day.

—Columbus, Ohio, State Journal.

Budapesters Put Pongos in Their Purses

Hungary's new coin, the pongo, may be worth a florin, but it doesn't sound like sound money.

—London Express.

Mistaken

Autoist (who has just driven over a pedestrian): "Pardon me, but haven't I run across your face before some time or other?"

Irish Pedestrian: "No, begorra, it was me left leg ye hit last time."



Of Interest to Women



Eyes to See—Plus

J. McD.

"YOUR eyes were made to see with, my dear." Of course, but it takes more than eyes to see—all there is to see. It takes knowledge and understanding too. If you don't believe that, go some day, into the woods alone, try to see all you can, then go into the same woods with a trained woodsman. He'll show you things you never saw before. He'll know why the woodpecker builds just that kind of a nest, how old that tree is, what kind of a trail this is. It takes eyes to see—and knowledge to see. And it takes understanding to see, understanding that is born of sensibilities quickened by knowledge and born too, of qualities which tune the heart to understand.

Once, when I was a student, I belonged to a Woman Student's Federation which included in its membership women who were studying in the professional schools of the city. I attended a week-end conference of the representatives of many professions. I remember walking one day during the conference to luncheon with a medical student. As we walked along she suddenly said: "Oh, did you see that girl?" "Which," said I, "with the red hat?" "No, or I didn't see her hat, but that pallor, those blue lips—I know she's very ill." I saw the red hat. She saw what her training had taught her to see. That same evening I went to an orchestra concert with an art student. I wore a yellow scarf and was annoyed when she kept holding the folds of my yellow scarf against the brown fur of her coat while a number was being played, raptly looping at the blending tones of yellow and brown all the while. I thought she wasn't interested in the music but when the number was over she said: "Look at these colors, they made that music live." She knew color, appreciated color, lived in a world of color, so the satisfying tones and shades helped her to appreciate the music. It takes knowledge—technical knowledge—and understanding and eyes to see.

We've all had the experience of sitting in a room when some action of an individual was being criticized. We were all critical. None of us could understand how "she could possibly have been so foolish"—or so "unkind" or so "extravagant" or so something. Then someone in the group told us a part of the story we hadn't heard, or explained something we hadn't known about. And immediately everybody could understand the action and we were all ashamed of our criticisms. It takes more than eyes to see—all there is to see in any field. And when it comes to seeing, understandingly, all there is to see in folks, it takes all we have of knowledge and understanding and eyes. It takes eyes—plus.

Interest the Children

By Mrs. Nester Noel

"I WON'T do it," says Baby Boy. "I won't do it," repeats Baby Girl.

For some reason or other both are feeling out of sorts. They are too young to know why this is. Maybe it is caused by too much pudding, maybe it comes from being kept up late the night before. Whatever the cause, there are days when our little ones' talk seems to be a succession of "won'ts" and "shan'ts."

At this state of affairs I have known mothers to slap the children.

Slapping does no good whatever. The thing to do is to find something to interest the troublesome chil-

dren. It is the mother who should find something for idle hands to do. A busy child is seldom a naughty one.

You may think it rather hard to waste your time finding something to interest the children, but I can tell you, from experience, that you will waste much more time if you do not put an end to naughtiness from the start.

Forget your interests for a moment. Be a child again. Say to the children such things as: "I've thought of a real nice game." "I know a game you've never played before." "I read of a lovely game; do you want me to tell you about it?"

A few words like this, a few moments spent explaining a game and you have a long morning or afternoon of peace.

Find a book that has never been looked at before. Allow the children to see the pictures. Give a magazine. This is better than a book because the children can have endless joy cutting out the bright pages of advertising matter. They can make things stand up, by putting a little stiff paper of cardboard at the back. Their imagination can arrange the rooms to their liking. They can make the dogs stand and have outside scenes. They can make the typewriters stand and have inside scenes.

Children like cutting out until they are at least fourteen. First they cut out for themselves, then they cut out for their little friends they know. An elder child can be trusted to paint without getting all over paint. Even a rather young child can be taught that paints are not good to eat. A tiny child may be training as a future artist, given a box of paints and a few lessons from mother how to use the paints.

Some people find it hard to manage children. Really it is very easy to interest them. Everything is new to a child. An older woman must be very stupid if she cannot find a way to interest her own child.

A work basket is a source of endless amusement to the child who has grown beyond the danger of pricking herself. Little daughter can be allowed to tidy mother's work basket as a treat.

Think of the fascination of having a grown-up person's work basket all to herself. Think of the honor of being allowed to tidy it! See the lovely colored silks, the spools, the pretty buttons. A well-filled work basket is a real find when a child is given it only on occasions.

When a child continues to be naughty, I feel sure that the mother is lacking in imagination, or else will not take the few minutes required to interest her child.

I'd Like to Think

I'd like to think that here and there
When I am gone, there shall remain
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I toiled for gain;
That some one's cheery voice and smile
Shall prove that I had been worth while;
That I had paid with something fine
My debt to God for life divine.

—Edgar Guest.

From California

St. Peter (to applicant): Where are you from?

Applicant: California.

St. Peter: Come on in, but I don't think you'll like it.



Girls' Hearthfire Circle



Gene Stratton Porter Memorial

GIRL SCOUTS who have reveled in the nature books of Gene Stratton Porter, who've visited the Limberlost with "Freckles" and who've thrilled to the student victories and character victories, yes and social victories too, of the Limberlost girl who earned, with her nature discoveries, her way through High School, will be glad to learn that the Indiana Federation of Women's Clubs has inaugurated a movement to purchase the forest of the Limberlost which Gene Stratton Porter made famous with her books, "The Girl of the Limberlost" and "Homing with the Birds." The Limberlost is to be a State Park—a national memorial to Gene Stratton Porter. It is a tract of one hundred and twenty acres of woodland, swamp and meadow and will be a home for birds and wild flowers which she loved so well.

You remember the observation hike in our second class test. Surely here was a girl who had trained and used this faculty. Many girls in Indiana lived in the same environment as did Gene Stratton—but she was different. She loved the trees and the birds that nested in them, and with her keen power of observation (a faculty which may be trained) she studied the woods and birds and became one of our most interesting naturalists. It is good to know that the Limberlost is to be so dedicated.

The Girl Scouts' Hope Chest

THE annual report of the National Girl Scout organization tells us about the things Girl Scouts, all over the world, ought to be—and are—putting into their hope-chests, the mental and spiritual faculties that will stay with them through life; the habits of health, of industry, of co-operation and of thrift that will be valuable additions to the table linen they will have.

And isn't it true, if we want to think of it that way, that the habits of tact, courtesy, sympathy and consideration for others which come from Girl Scout team-work will always be most useful things to have in our hope-chests.

And the things we learn at Camp; the need for using our imaginations in preparing our stunts, the habit of making our fun as we go along, might be more useful than even Great-Aunt Nelly's beautiful old linen or the chain she left us—and will look very well in our hope-chest beside them.

How the Girl Scout chest fills up as the days go by! Health, strength, system, economy—and humor—yes and imagination and reverence too.



Girl Scouts' Hope Chest.

Girl Scout Rescues Dog

A GIRL SCOUT is kind to animals." Here's how one Girl Scout proved that she'd learned the sixth law. It was in Superior. A little dog had fallen down a deep narrow hole. It was ten feet deep and very steep so the poor dog couldn't get out. It was in an out-of-the-way place and no one had passed except two girls on their way to school. But they couldn't get at the dog, he was too far down. They could see him moving about. They went on to school and told one of the Girl Scout patrol leaders about it. After school this patrol leader hurried home and asked her older sister what she should do. Her sister said that, of course, since she was a Girl Scout, she must find some way to save the dog. So she got another girl and boy to help. The girls held the rope while the boy went into the hole for the dog and then they pulled both boy and dog up. We wish there was some medal for saving an animal's life like the Medal of Valor for saving human life.

Training for First Aid Contest

YOU Girl Scouts who are training for the First Aid contest ought to remember to keep your health chart while you are doing it. Keeping health rules is a duty at all times, but it's most necessary when preparing for any kind of a contest. Health is to be won or retained by observing health rules, and just as surely keeping health rules will help you win the First Aid contest.

Girl Scouts Served the President

DO you know that Girl Scouts have a house in Washington. It was built through the Better Homes Movement and was presented to the Girl Scouts by the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Last November Girl Scouts served a luncheon to President and Mrs. Coolidge in it—their very own house.

The Home—a Fable

"WHAT a beautiful house!" said someone in passing. "Who is responsible for it?"

"The Colonial design is mine," said the architect.

"I built it," said the contractor.

"That's some of my work," said the excavator, the bricklayer, the cement contractor, the plumber, the electrician, the carpenter, the plasterer and the glazier.

"I made the rooms so attractive," said the interior decorator.

"I painted that white framework and the blue shutters," said the painter.

"I planted the shrubs and bushes and designed the winding brick walk," said the landscape gardener.

"I furnished the water, the gas, the electric light, the sewerage, the sidewalk, the paved street, the police and fire protection," said the city.

"I sold the furnishings," said the owner of the big store.

"It was all my idea and I planned the conveniences," said the wife.

"I worked hard for the money," said the husband.

"I helped you with the finances," said the banker.

"I introduced you two young people," said the maiden aunt.

"It is my home. It was built for me," said the baby.

—Margaret K. Dodge.



Our Little Folks



The Hillman and the Housewife

By Juliana Horatia Ewing (Adapted)

IT IS well known that the Fairy People cannot abide meanness. They like to be liberally dealt with when they beg or borrow of the human race; and, on the other hand, to those who come to them in need, they are invariably generous.

Now there once lived a certain housewife who had a sharp eye to her own interests, and gave alms of what she had no use for, hoping to get some reward in return. One day a Hillman knocked at her door.

"Can you lend us a saucepan, good mother?" said he. "There's a wedding in the hill, and all the pots are in use."

"Is he to have one?" asked the servant lass who had opened the door.

"Aye, to be sure," answered the housewife; "one must be neighborly."

But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, the housewife pinched her arm and whispered sharply: "Not that, you good-for-nothing! Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, and the Hillmen are so neat, and such nimble workers, that they are sure to mend it before they send it home. So one obliges the Fairy People, and saves sixpence in tinkering!"

Thus bidden the maid fetched the saucepan, which had been laid by until the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the Hillman, who thanked her and went away.

In due time the saucepan was returned, and, as the housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready for use.

At supper-time the maid filled the pan with milk, and set it on the fire for the children's supper. But in a few minutes the milk was so burnt and smoked that no one could touch it, and even the pigs refused to drink it.

"Ah, good-for-nothing hussy!" cried the housewife, as she refilled the pan herself, "you would ruin the richest with your carelessness! There's a whole quart of good milk wasted at once!"

"And that's twopence!" cried a voice that seemed to come from the chimney, in a whining tone, like some discontented old body going over her grievancees.

The housewife had not left the saucepan for two minutes, when the milk boiled over, and it was all burnt and smoked as before.

"The pan must be dirty," muttered the good woman in vexation, "and there are two full

quarts of milk as good as thrown to the dogs."

"And that's fourpence!" added the voice in the chimney.

After a thorough cleaning the saucepan was once more filled and set on the fire, but with no better success. The milk boiled over again, and was hopelessly spoiled. The housewife shed tears of anger at the waste and cried: "Never before did such a thing befall me since I kept house! Three quarts of new milk burnt for one meal."

"And that's sixpence!" cried the voice in the chimney. "You didn't save the tinkering after all, mother!"

With that the Hillman himself came tumbling down from the chimney, and went off laughing through the door.

But from then on the saucepan was as good as any other.

The Canyon Flowers

By Ralph Connor (Adapted)

AT FIRST there were no canyons, but only the broad open prairie. One day the Master of the Prairie, walking out over his great lawns, where were only grasses, asked the prairie: "Where are your flowers?"

And the Prairie said: "Master, I have no seeds."

Then he spoke to the birds, and they carried seeds of every kind of flower and strewed them far and wide, and soon the Prairie bloomed with crocuses and roses and buffalo beans and the yellow crowfoot and the wild sunflowers and the red lilies, all the summer long.

Then the Master came and was well pleased; but he missed the flowers he loved best of all, and he said to the Prairie: "Where are the clematis and the columbine, the sweet violets and windflowers, and all the ferns and flowering shrubs?"

And again the Prairie answered: "Master, I have no seeds."

And again he spoke to the birds and again they carried all the seeds and strewed them far and wide.

But when next the Master came, he could not find the flowers he loved best of all, and he said: "Where are those, my sweetest flowers?"

And the Prairie cried sorrowfully: "O Master, I cannot keep the flowers, for the winds sweep fiercely, and the sun beats upon my breast, and they wither up and fly away."

Then the Master spoke to the Lightning, and with one swift blow the Lightning cleft the Prairie to the heart. And the Prairie rocked and groaned in agony, and for many a day moaned bitterly over its black jagged, gaping wound.

But a little river poured its waters through the cleft, and carried down deep, black mould, and once more the birds carried seeds and strewed them in the canyon. And after a long time the rough rocks were decked out with soft mosses and trailing vines, and all the nooks were hung with elematis and columbine, and great elms lifted their huge tops high up into the sunlight, and down about their feet clustered the low cedars and balsams, and everywhere the violets and wind-flowers and maiden-hair grew and bloomed till the canyon became the Master's place for rest and peace and joy.

Codes of Sportsmanship

A Good Sport

DOES

1. Plays fair at all times.
2. Plays hard to the end.
3. Keeps his head.
4. Plays for the joy of playing and success of team.
5. Is a good team-worker.
6. Keeps training rules.
7. Obeys orders of coach or captain.
8. Does his best in all school work.
9. Backs his team in every honest way but—
10. Always gives his opponent a square deal.
11. Is respectful to officials. Accepts adverse decisions graciously. Expects officials to enforce rules.

When He Loses

12. Congratulates the winner. Gives his opponent full credit under most trying circumstances. Learns to correct his faults through his failures.

When He Wins

13. Is generous. Is modest. Is considerate.
14. Is true to his highest ideals.

DOES NOT

1. Does not cheat.
2. Does not quit. Is not "yellow."
3. Does not lose his temper, though wronged.
4. Does not play for money or other reward.
5. Does not play to grandstand.
6. Does not abuse his body.
7. Does not shirk.
8. Does not neglect his studies.
9. Does not bet—betting is not necessary to show loyalty.
10. Does not take any technical advantage. Treats visiting players as guests.
11. Never blames officials for defeat. Does not "crab." Does not "kick." Does not complain.
12. Does not show his disappointment. Is not a "sorehead." Does not "alibi." Does not make excuses.
13. Does not boast. Does not crow. Does not rub-it-in.
14. Does nothing unworthy of a gentleman and a 100% American.

By D. Chase (New York State Code of Sportsmanship)

News About All Of Us

Rock Springs

G. L. Stevenson, who was recently injured while repairing a broken electric light wire at No. 4 town, is still confined to the Wyoming General Hospital. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery.

Mrs. F. L. McCarty and baby daughter have returned from a visit with relatives in Evanston.

Mrs. John Ravlich and children have gone to Idaho where they expect to locate. John Freeman and family have moved into the house vacated by Mrs. Ravlich on Ninth street.

John Copposi, conveyer-man at the boiler house, has been confined to the Wyoming General Hospital with an attack of pneumonia.

Jas. MacDonald, Sr., is visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Benedict, in Laramie.

Leo Chee, our stable-boss, is recovering from an attack of the flu.

Chas. Moran and family have gone to California, where they expect to spend the next few months in hopes that the change will benefit Mrs. Moran's health.

Dr. H. J. Arbogast has been confined to his home the past two weeks with an attack of the flu.

Frank Ivanovich, who has been in Fox Park the past year, has returned to Rock Springs and has accepted employment in No. 4 Mine.

Wm. Paulenko has returned from Salt Lake City, where he went to receive medical attention for an injured eye.

Meredith Stobaugh has moved into the house recently vacated by Joe Philips on Eleventh street.

Robt. Armstrong, who recently injured his foot at No. 4 tipple, is now able to be about with the aid of a pair of crutches.

Joe Wise and family have moved into the house recently vacated by Jas. Macdonald in the Barracks.

Blanche, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parr, is seriously ill at their home on Rainbow Avenue.

H. E. Mosteller, who is employed at E Plane, has been confined to the Wyoming General Hospital.

John Golob has returned from a ten days' business trip to Chicago and other eastern points.

Albert Slough and family have moved into the house recently vacated by C. R. Lusher on Second street.

Ivor Tommilla of No. 4 Mine has returned to work after a two weeks illness.

Geo. N. Darling has received word that his brother, Melvin, is seriously ill at his home in Kentucky.

Pete Ivanovich is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital, where he is slowly recovering from a serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Young of Winton have been visiting with relatives the past few days.

J. M. Sprowell of E Plane is recovering from a serious attack of the flu.

James Overy of Salt Lake City has been visiting with his son, Thos Overy, and family.

J. W. Blackwood, who has been employed in No. 4 Mine, has gone to Utah, where he expects to locate.

Mr. Mitchell of the Western Weighing & Inspection Bureau visited the mines here the past week and made an inspection of the railroad scales.

Superior

The many friends of Mr. Fred Tague and family, of Superior, extend to the family their sympathy, Mrs. Tague having died at the Wyoming General Hospital, January 24th, after an illness of two weeks. A good wife and loving mother, her death brings much sorrow. A husband and three daughters are left to mourn her loss.

Mrs. Emil Droege entertained the Bridge Club in a delightful manner on January 19th. The prize winners were Mrs. Rud Robinson, Mrs. Joe Moser, and Mrs. H. A. Wylam. A dainty lunch was served.

Mrs. Andrew Hood, Mrs. James Hudson and Mrs. Higgins entertained the 500 Card Club recently. The prizes were awarded to Mrs. Highley and Archie Smith, Mrs. Sayer and Paul Jones; Mrs. Jasper McLennan and George Hastings receiving the consolation.

The Misses Ann Whelan, Louise Cashman and Marjorie Shedden spent the week end, January 16th and 17th, with relatives and friends in Rock Springs.

The game between the Rock Springs Alumni team and Superior High School ended with a score of 44 to 17 in favor of Superior. A dance followed the game. Katy Moser, Fernessa Purdy and Clark furnished the music.

Little Annie Knezevich was brought home from the hospital on Saturday, January 16th.

Mrs. Mary Bakloech was married January 20th in Ogden, Utah, to Joe Kosovich. A wedding celebration was given in the bride's home. Old country customs, dances and merry making prevailed.

Mrs. Joe Jalaca was a patient at the hospital in Rock Springs during February.

The D. D. Girls' Club entertained the Lyman and Superior teams at the High School after the game.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Powell gave a 500 card party on January 26th to celebrate their crystal wedding anniversary. A delicious lunch was served. Many lovely gifts were received.

Mrs. Stebbens, bookkeeper at the Union Pacific Store, has been on the sick list.

Mrs. Bill Farrell has also been on the sick list.

Mrs. Nie Meltam left on Monday, January 25th, for California, being called there by the illness of Mr. Meltam.

Mrs. Dude Baxter and two little daughters left for Idaho on Saturday, January 23rd. Mrs. Baxter was called to St. Anthony by the death of her brother-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Green entertained at dinner on Monday, January 25th, for Mr. and Mrs. G. Scott and daughter, also Mrs. J. D. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Moser and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jefferson entertained the 500 Card Club January 23rd. After several games the prizes were awarded to Mrs. Holt and Wm. Matthew, Mrs. Droege and Dr. Sanders, and Mr. and Mrs. Burnsmeier. A most delicious luncheon was served by the hostess.

A great number of Superior folk have been on the sick list lately. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McIntosh have both been very ill, also the Matthew family and Mr. M. Hansen, Mr. F. Whitree, Miss Nash and Miss Heish.

A delightful party was given in remembrance of Mrs. Higgen's birthday. It was given by the L. D. S. Relief Society. A ring was presented to the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jefferson left for California recently. Superior folks regret seeing them go, but wish them the best of success.

Mrs. P. Hagenstein and Mrs. Hudson entertained very delightfully at cards recently.

Mrs. Jensen and daughter, Patsy Belle, of Kemmerer are here visiting relatives.

Little Georgie Noble was taken to the Rock Springs hospital, suffering with pneumonia.

The L. D. S. ladies gave a shower for Mrs. Harris at the home of Mrs. Ernie Swanson recently.

Superior regrets the serious accident which caused Miss Cahill to break her leg. We extend our sympathies and wish for a speedy recovery.

We were saddened at the word from the Rock Springs hospital about the death of the Merrill baby. The entire community extends deepest sympathies to the family.

Hanna

Rathbone Lodge No. 14, K. of P., celebrated the sixty-second anniversary of the order with a grand ball at the Opera House on Saturday, February 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. Knut Walgren are the proud parents of an eight pound girl born on February 7th.

The turkey supper served at the First Aid Hall on February 9th, for the benefit of Charlie Brooks, who has been sick for the past eight months, was well patronized. Mrs. Brooks wishes to extend her thanks to the people of Hanna for their liberal patronage.

Robert Cox was called to Rock Springs on Thursday, February 4th, on account of the death of his niece, Mrs. A. E. Young, formerly Miss Carrie Pickering, well known by many of the people of this community. The many Hanna friends



Elizabeth Ann Briggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Briggs of Hanna at fourteen months.

extend sympathy to the family in their sorrow.

Mrs. R. L. Bedford extended her hospitality on Wednesday afternoon, February 3rd, to the newly organized Seven Embroidery Club. Those who enjoyed the afternoon were Mesdames Evan Jones, T. I. Chambers, James Fearn, Frank Mulch, Wm. Tate and George Penman.

S. D. Briggs made a business trip to Laramie on February 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cummings entertained a group of friends on Monday, February 1st, at a prettily appointed six o'clock dinner. Those enjoying this hospitality were the Misses Alice Bulin, Cleo Clark, Adrienne Hammond, Caryl Weinbrandt, Maudie Practor, Davie McFarland, Marybelle Grilley, and Mrs. Glen Stoddard.

Mrs. Charles Kettley has returned from a two weeks visit to Fort Steele.

Mr. A. M. Owens, of Superior was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. I. Christensen, on February 5th and 6th.

Miss Alice Christensen, teacher in the Superior schools, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Christensen, on February 5th and 6th.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church held a business and social session at the home of Mrs. Charles Ainsworth on Wednesday, February 3rd.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Williamson left on Thursday, February 4th, for an extended visit to Cuba and other points of interest. Mrs. Williamson's mother, Mrs. Wm. Tovey of Denver, will accompany them on the trip.

Elvira Edlund is convalescing from a minor operation performed at the Hanna Hospital on February 3rd.

The K. of P. basket ball team met the American Legion team of Rawlins at the Opera House on Thursday, February 4th, the score being 25 to 12 in favor of the K. of P. team.

Mrs. Wm. Crawford and family left for Salt Lake City on Saturday, February 13th, where they will join Mr. Crawford, who is engaged in business in that city. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford wish them success in their new home.

The basket ball game between the Evanston and Hanna teams on February 2nd, resulted in a score of 22 to 8 in favor of Hanna.

The Old Timers' banquet and dance held on February 19th was the event of the season. Sixty Old Timers and their wives participated.

Mrs. Robert Cardwell, who has been confined to her bed on account of an attack of grip, is now convalescent.

John Milliken and T. H. Butler attended the Lincoln Day Dinner, given under the auspices of the Carbon County Republican Central Committee, at the Ferris Hotel at Rawlins at 7:00 P. M., February 12th. An appropriate address was delivered by State Senator Dillon of Cheyenne, who in a masterful and impressive manner reviewed the life and achievements of the martyred President.

The First Aid Club gave its regular monthly social and dance at the First Aid Hall on Saturday evening, February 13th, which was well attended by the members and their families. The wives of the members served a delicious supper which was very much enjoyed by all present.

The many friends of Ed Prieshoff of the Auditor's office were very much surprised to learn of his marriage to Miss Vera Kerrigan at Cheyenne recently. Ed and his bride visited us for a day a short time ago but did not let us in on the secret. Well, here's wishing you all the joy in the world, Ed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Briggs are the proud parents of a baby boy, born January 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Maki are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl, born February 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Buehler are planning a trip to Florida in the near future for a visit with Mr. Buehler's parents.

A wedding of interest to Hanna people took place at Julesburg, Colorado, on Monday, February 8th, when Miss Isabel Lee, youngest daughter of Joseph Lee of this place, became the bride of Newel Reel of North Platte, Nebraska. Miss Lee was born and reared in Hanna and has a host of friends, all of whom wish her much happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cook, and Mr. and Mrs. I. Sherratt were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilks on Sunday, February 7th.

Mr. Wm. Bowkett, who was seriously injured in No. 2 Mine about three months ago, is now able to be around by the use of crutches.

The Girls' Friendly Society of the Episcopal Church met with Miss Leua Campbell at her home on Friday, February 12th.

Mr. James Macdonald and his granddaughter, Dorothy Benedict, of Laramie, visited with Mr. Macdonald's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Buehler, during the week ending February 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Collins were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Maggie Reese and family on February 7th.

Mrs. Charles Kettley of Pasadena, California, was the dinner guest of her son and his family, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mann, on Sunday, February 7th.

Winton

The Valentine Dance given by the Izaac Walton Club at the Hall drew an unusually large crowd and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. Music was furnished by the Union Pacific Orchestra from Green River.

The Valentine Card Party given by the Woman's Club at the Community Club House was a success,

both socially and financially. A dainty lunch was served by the ladies following the card games.

The Girl Scouts are planning on giving a Bazaar in the near future at the Community Club House. They have already started the work and some pretty needlework will be on display, no doubt.

Mrs. Swanson entertained at cards Sunday evening, February 7th. A delicious luncheon was enjoyed by those present.

Mrs. M. M. Messenger entertained at cards Tuesday evening, February 9th. Prize winners were Mrs. Reid, first; Mrs. Carlson, second; Mrs. M. M. Cody, consolation, and Mrs. Scanlin, free-for-all. A most appetizing lunch was served by the hostess following the card games.

A Boy Scout troop is being organized with C. H. Carlson as Scout Master.

A delightful birthday party was given by little Miss Donna Rogers Tuesday evening, February 2nd. The young lady was celebrating her second anniversary and a large number of tiny friends were present to help. A most delicious lunch was served by Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Wm. Reid entertained at two pleasing card parties on Thursday, January 28th. Prize winners for the afternoon games were Mesdames Gordon, Horn, Miller and Preston. In the evening Mrs. Ray Dodds and Frank Finch won the first prizes; Mrs. Swanson and Mr. Marceen the consolation and Mrs. Scanlin and Ray Dodds, free-for-all.

Mrs. Pete Uram entertained at cards Thursday evening, February 11th.

Mrs. Fred Grindle and Mrs. Gilbert Carter have entertained their sewing club during the month. Dainty refreshments followed the needlework at each meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gray entertained at a family dinner on Sunday, January 24th, the occasion being the birthday anniversary of Mr. Wm. Redshaw.

Mrs. Geo. Phillips and daughter, Thelma, have returned from Kemmerer.

Margie Carter gave a birthday party on Saturday, February 6th. A lovely lunch was served to the crowd of youngsters present. Miss Margie was five years old and received numerous birthday presents as happy mementoes of the day.

M. M. Messenger spent several days in the east on a buying tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hanks were called to Rock Springs Tuesday, January 26th, on account of the death of Mr. E. A. Oliver, father of Mrs. Hanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Sickich are the proud parents of a baby boy, born January 29th.

Chas. Wiggett was called to Colorado during the month by the death of his mother.

A Masquerade Dance was given at the Hall, January 30th. Prizes were awarded Mrs. Annie Thomas and Mrs. Louis Kalinowski.

Mrs. Gerald Neal and daughter, Evelyn, spent several weeks visiting relatives in Denver this month.

Mrs. Whitworth is in the Wyoming General Hospital, seriously ill. Her many friends are hoping for a complete recovery.

Very few Megeath residents have missed the flu and measles epidemics. Dr. Cody has certainly been busy day and night.

Velmar Jennequin has been very ill with pneumonia.

Reliance

Reliance interest has centered around the fire which broke out in No. 1 Drift Entry. Every one turned out and did their bit. One wonders if anywhere there could be found a more loyal community in time of stress.

The Woman's Club gave another of their very enjoyable "Five Hundred" Parties which was well attended.

Hardly a house has escaped "Old Man Flu" in Reliance. However, no fatalities have resulted and everyone now seems to be on the mend.

The Community Council is preparing a three-act playlet entitled "Sunshine." The rehearsals are proving a lot of fun to the cast. It is to be shown in the Bungalow some time in March. Here is hoping the public gets as much kick out of it as the cast, particularly "Buddy" and "Sunshine."

The many friends of Mrs. Holen will be sorry to hear she has been quite ill in the Wyoming General Hospital, and that she has now gone to Denver to recuperate.

Miss Prosser has also been a patient at the Hospital, but is again at her post.

The new Circulating Library which has been installed in the Mine Office is going to afford the people of Reliance a lot of pleasure.

Mr. Sery sustained a painful injury to both his hand and foot recently while moving the piano in the First Aid Hall, but we are glad to report he is all right now.

It is whispered that the Community Council is going to have a dance the last of this month. We hope the surrounding villages will patronize our dance as well as we do some of theirs.

Cumberland

Mrs. G. A. Brown, Mrs. Lyman Fearn, Mrs. Earnest Roughley and Mrs. Milton Ayer entertained the 500 Club during the month. Mrs. Wright Walker and Mr. A. Kenney won first prize; Mrs. Ruth McLean and Mr. Jno. Georgies the second, and Mrs. L. Tucker and Mr. Victor Spanaskey the consolation.

Mrs. A. Miller and her daughters, Misses Helen and Anna, entertained at cards in their home during the month. Mrs. Bert Williams and Evan Reese won first prize; Mrs. LeCroix and Chris Johnson second prize; and Mr. and Mrs. Axel Johnson the consolation.

Bobby Burns Night was enjoyed by a number of people at the Latter Day Saints Meeting House.

Baby boys were born at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McPhie during the month of February.

Mrs. MacWilliams was the honor guest of an interesting party at the Meeting House recently.

Bert Williams is sporting a Nash car.

Matt Morrow, Jr., has a new Ford sedan.

Clarence Johnson has a spiffy Essex car.

Matt Morrow, who was injured some time ago, is still confined to his home.

Rev. P. E. Baker from Kemmerer held services on Tuesday evening at the school house. A large crowd attended.

Mrs. Bert Williams entertained the Monday Night Women's Card Club. Mrs. Ruth McLean received the prize.

Mrs. Tom Miller, Mrs. Jas. Draycott and Mrs. Axel Johnson entertained the Merry Makers Club during the month.

Everybody will be delighted to learn that Billie MacWilliams, who was injured some time ago, is slowly improving.

Tono

Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacs, Miss Marion Mapletorp and Mr. Henry Becker were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Becker, Sr., of Chehalis.

On the occasion of her sixteenth (?) birthday, Mrs. Bert Holmes entertained a number of friends at cards. Two tables were in play. High honors went to Mrs. Fred Planetta and the consolation to Mrs. C. H. Barton.

To honor Alex Revelle a birthday surprise party was given Wednesday evening at the home of his parents. The evening was spent in playing games, after which a delicious lunch was served by Miss Sylvia Revelle.

Vernon Burton was host to a number of his young friends on his birthday.

Freddie Larson, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Luke's Hospital in Centralia, is well on the road to recovery.

Mrs. Charles Smith was taken to St. Luke's Hospital last week. She is ill of pneumonia but is reported doing nicely.

Andy Sheroc is incapacitated for work, having had his right hand crushed in the mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Tirich are expecting to leave soon for California and Arizona. Mr. Tirich has been in ill health for some time and the doctor has ordered him to a higher altitude.

The Mesdames Fred Planetta, Bert Holmes and Bob Murray were recent dinner guests of Mrs. C. H. Barton.

Mr. John Isaacs is on the sick list for the past week.

Bert Holmes has purchased a new Chevrolet.

Mrs. Alex Turnbull entertained the Merry Wives Club with a St. Valentine's party.

The monthly social meeting of the First Aid Club was held at the home of Mrs. Ashe. The evening's entertainment consisted of games, songs and musical numbers.

Mrs. Dave Gilfillan entertained the Busy Bees Club. The members surprised their hostess with a shower.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Murray and daughter, Jean, motored up Hoods Canal for the week end recently. They brought back an arm-full of red and white currant blossoms, a sure sign that "Spring has come."

Tom Wiggley's yard is a riot of yellow, his daffodils being the first to bloom this season.

Mrs. Charles Dahlstrom entertained the following guests at dinner: Mrs. Ben Dowell of Centralia, Mrs. Jack Dowell, Mrs. Alex Turnbull, Mrs. John Isaacs and Charles and Venitia Dahlstrom.

There were a number of people from Tono who motored to Olympia to see "Bringing Up Father." Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Planetta, Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacs, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Turnbull, Miss Marion Mapletorp and Mr. Henry Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Roy, Washington, were recent week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barton.

Mr. F. V. Hicks of Rock Springs, Wyoming, recently spent a week in Tono. He was the house guest of Mr. E. C. Way. Mr. Hicks is a former resident of Tono and his many friends were glad to see him.

A Hopeful Brother

A Cripple Creek miner remarked that he had hunted for gold for twenty-five years. He was asked how much he had found. "None," he replied, "but the prospects are good."

Ef you ask him day or night,
When the worl' warn't runnin' right,
"Anythin' that's good in sight?"
This is allus what he'd say,
In his uncomplainin' way—
"Well, I'm hopin'."

When the winter days was nigh,
An' the clouds froze in the sky,
Never sot him down to sigh.
But, still singin' on his way,
He'd stop long enough to say—
"Well, I'm hopin'."

Dyin', asked of him that night
(Sperrit waitin' for its flight),
"Brother, air yer prospec's bright?"
An'—last words they heard him say,
In the ol', sweet, cheerful way—
"Well, I'm hopin'."

—Frank L. Stanton.

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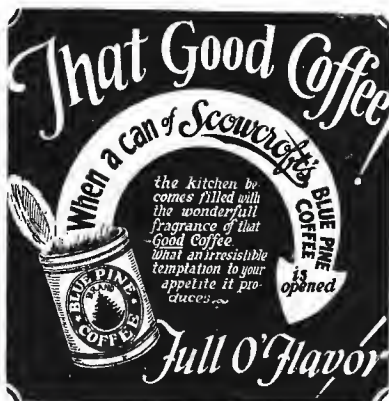
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